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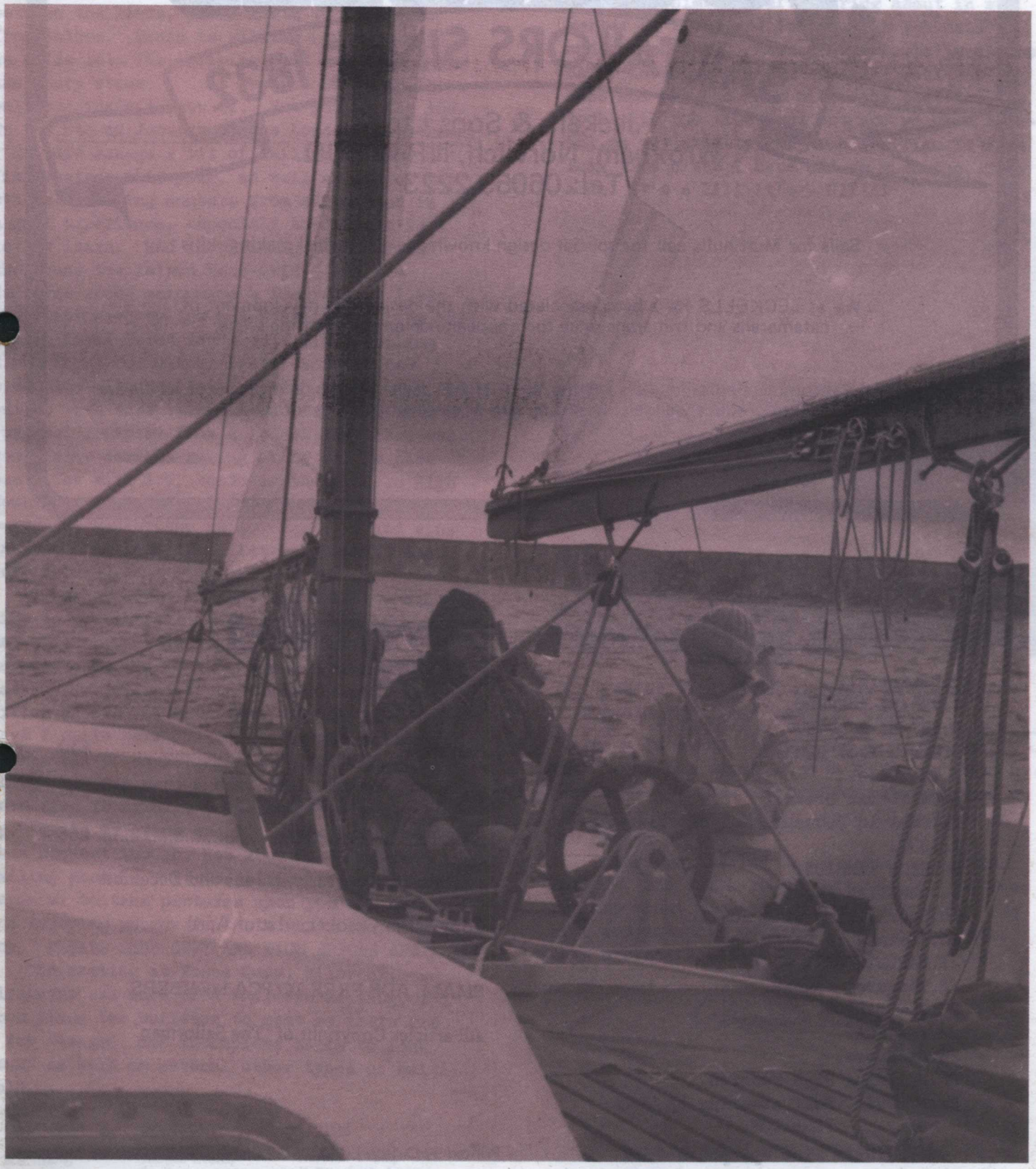
THE SAILORMAN



POLYNESIAN CATAMARAN ASSOCIATION JOURNAL

DECEMBER 1982

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PAGE COVER. Photo of Tim & Heather Whelan on IKA ROA.

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Back cover. Self steering by TONY PERRIDGE.

WHARRAM line up, photo from RUTH.

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SMALL ADS FREE TO PCA MEMBERS

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JIM WHARRAM DESIGNS are now to be found in Greenbank Road, Devoran, Truro, Cornwall, England.

Another change to take place, Anthea will retire at the A.G.M. Although I have not known her long I shall miss her guiding hand and the occasional prod when I have come to a sudden stop.

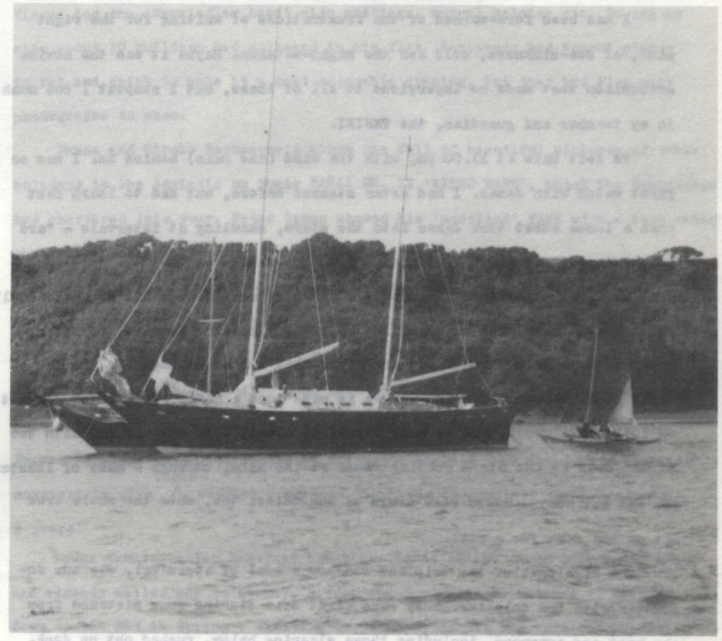
If you read'Snorkelling'you might meet in between the lines, a candidate to take over from Anthea. Sonia is willing (must be mad) to slide into the scribing seat and take over the sharp stick. At present Sonia is the only candidate I know of. See you at the AGM. On the 8th of January at the London Corinthian.

I did manage a bit of sailing on some of Jims designs this year, as well as one or two others. Meeting members from all around is a good experience, especialy when there is a lot to learn. Had an exciting time during the Round the Island Race (rtd), and the Seahorse week, scrounged a few rides, I was most impressed by the hospitality given by the hosts, Royal Yacht Squadron, Island Sailing Club, Royal Corinthian Yacht Club, in co-operation with The Royal London Yacht Club,who put up with some very wet and scruffy sailors, (who me!). Apart from a lot of fun there was some faidy serious racing going on, be nice to see a few more J.W. boats in there. Read'High Tension', Paul makes tea and produces strawberry jam sandwiches whilst racing , and wins in something less than flat calm conditions, very relaxed.

I wish I could be that relaxed. I would like to meet a real editor at work sometime, any offers? WHY does all, well nearly all the copy come in two weeks after the deadline? I had just eight out of the twenty eight pages filled on October the first, in the last ten days I could have filled nearly two editions. With a bit of shuffling I have got it all in though you may need a magnifyer. With a bit more time to arrange pages and type everything up. Thats my gripe over! I do have one more request though, How about some action sailing photo's, It is difficult trying to remember to take pictures when you are sailing and enjoying yourself, thats why I havn't got any. PLEASE SEND COPY AND PICS BEFORE APRIL 1

The meeting at Fosse Quay, Milbrook, Plymouth. was more of a builders meeting, a good place for builders to meet as there are a few damaged and incomplete boats to look round as well as several other types of multi-hull.

Sunday, August 29th found me with brain cell buzzing some 250 miles up the road at Milford or I should say Sandy Haven, and look at all those Wharram cats! Ran out of fingers counting. There I was with mind in neutral, running around like a kid at Christmas, (Happy - Christmas) not knowing which parcel to open first. There was a young attractive girl on a very nimble craft tearing about in a welter of froth and foam; Boss Bob said"go and get on that", "not me chief, it looks too hairy for me and I'm a coward". Well Bob is Boss and she did look nice, the boat too, It took till the tide went out and we were sailing on wet sand to get me off HITIA. It is a long time since I have had so much fun. It's a Hi! It's a Hit! It's a HITIA!



TEHINI WITH HITIA at Sandy Haven last August. By J.Farrimond of Wigan.

Back to earth, during the darker months there is a get together with MOCRA and AYRS at ~~The Tabard pub by Turnham Green Underground~~ * on the First Tuesday of the month if you are in the London area.

Thank you all for those articles and the letters, and thank you in advance for the ones you are about to send in. Thank you too, The area and national secs for your newsletters, they are appreciated, not just by me either.

Good Sailing

Norman

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Sailing TEHINI to her new home in Cornwall.

by Babette Cooper

For me, at the beginning of this year, yachts varied only in size. The differences in design were meaningless, and I was oblivious to the biggest split between the respective supporters of the multihull or monohull. So it was with a complete open mind that I joined James Wharram in Milford Haven. I proposed to spend the summer as part of his team, working to refit the TEHINI.

Before long I realized the significance not only of the multihull v monohull debate, but also of TEHINI as a pioneer of the Wharram principles of design. It was thus fitting that she should be the vehicle for the move to his new design centre in Devoran, Cornwall.

After three months of solid and thorough work, TEHINI was sailworthy. Despite perfectionist criticism from James, for me TEHINI was beautiful. She stood in Sandy Haven creek dwarfing all the other craft around her (mostly Wharram designs) seemingly revelling in her new splendour.

I had been fore-warned of the frustrations of waiting for the right wind, of sea-sickness, cold and the night-watches. Maybe it was the novice' enthusiasm that made me impervious to all of these, but I suspect I owe much to my teacher and guardian, the TEHINI.

We left Dale at 11.00 pm, with the wind (and rain) behind us. I was on first watch with James. I had never steered before, but had to learn fast when a loose sheet took James into the stern, shouting at intervals - "are we on course?" to which I replied, "I think so."

My first experience included all kinds of weather. We had a gentle swell which TEHINI rode with empty sails, apparently needing no wind. We had a night of near gale-force winds and waves that for me belonged to stories of Moby Dick, though James assured me it was 'just a heavy sea'. Thick fog met us outside Falmouth, and we were forced to slowly edge our way in, with two of the crew at the stern guiding James at the helm, through a maze of lobster pot and net buoys. There were hours of sunshine, too, when the whole crew sat on the deck for a meal.

The highlight of the trip and somehow a seal of approval, was our encounter with the dolphins. They were first seen fishing some distance from the boat and everyone, including those sleeping below, rushed out on deck. Suddenly they were leaping playfully between the two hulls. We rung the ship's bell, played the recorder, all the things we had read they responded to, anything to encourage them to stay. They did, for about ten minutes, and we lay in the netting as they, almost within reach, leapt through the water, smiling up at us as if to say, we've checked you out and we approve. We'll see you again.

We anchored in Falmouth for one night. It seemed strange to be surrounded by other craft after the emptiness of the sea. It was with a certain sense of pride that I saw how the TEHINI stood out distinctively, not only because of her shallow draft, that allowed her to stand amongst the small craft, despite her size, but also her long sweeping lines and sleek design, vaguely reminiscent of the dolphins I had seen the day before.

The next day we sailed round to the next creek, Devoran, that was to be the new Wharram base. Before long we were snaking our way through crowds of yachts and dinghies. We got to within about three hundred yards of the house before the water level was below the three feet TEHINI draws and we grounded. James would have to wait for the next high tide.

That was the end of the trip for me, and probably for TEHINI for a while. She will resume her role as House boat in the meantime; again the starting block from which James will pioneer his new theories. For me she opened up a whole new world. Sailing is not only an exercise in a skill, it involves the activation of senses that are dormant in our everyday life pattern. The skin becomes sensitive to the lightest wind, and the eyes to cloud movements and the shape of the sea swell. Unconsciously one learns to translate and sail according to these.

In retrospect the outstanding features of the trip were the things that did not happen. I was not sea-sick or frightened. During the worst weather I could stand upright and walk across the deck, neither did the waves wash over the bows. I was able to study at leisure the principle of the flexible beam mountings as explained to me by James. Neither were conditions cramped or cooking impossible.

With these thoughts, I recommend any novice, who like myself has no experience of sailing to try with a catamaran first. Nothing is more confidence inspiring and relaxing than the diagonal swinging motion of the two hulls as they straddle the swell. In this state of mind one can go on to study and understand the fundamentals of sailing, and thus become the more complete and competent sailor.

Literature:

"TWO GIRLS TWO CATAMARANS" by James Wharram

The story of the pioneering offshore multihull voyages that began it all!

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Summer Meeting at Milford Haven - August Bank Holiday

It was decided to hold our Autumn Meeting a little earlier this year in the hope that the weather would be kinder than on previous ones. How wrong we were! Sunday was an absolute wash-out and sailing was out of the question. However about 15 souls attended and an enjoyable sail was had on Saturday on the boats resident in Sandy Haven - Bob Evans (Narai), Mal Jenkins (Tangaroa), Bernie & Kay Parson (Tangaroa), Don Mellnuish (Tangaroa) Jim Muir (Areoi). Tom Kelly's Tangaroa had an attack of the beneaps! James Wharram and crew were busy putting the finishing touches to Tehini before their move down to Cornwall, but his little 14 footer was there for those who craved for a little excitement. James and Hanneke were there to answer all those questions but Ruth was away on holiday abroad. In the evening while the weather was still balmy, we had a lovely barbecue in Sandy Haven. A marvellous fire was built by Tehini's crew and the cooking expertly done by Tim Leffler. Singing and dancing went on until the wee small hours! No sailing on Sunday but we met at the Sir Benfro in Herbrandston for a beer and a chat. Our Editor, Norman Champ was able to join us too. He had just motor biked up from attending the Plymouth meeting. On Monday the wind was still quite strong but had moved into the west. Bob Evans and Mal Jenkins ventured out for a short sail and Mal returned to his mooring in Dale.

A.G.M. The A.G.M. will be held on the first Saturday of the London Boat Show, Saturday 8th January 1983 at the London Corinthian Sailing Club, Linden House, Upper Mall, Hammersmith, London, W.6. at 1900. Please try and attend if you can (route map in Membership List). ANTHEA.

Marvellous offer that cannot be missed back issues of the Sailorman back as far as June 1977 (not Dec. 1977) at 25p. each.

The year of new PCA group meetings in Europe

by Ruth Wharram

July 1982 saw the first Scandinavian PCA meeting, which was held at Korshavn, on the northern tip of the Island of Fyn in Denmark. It was very well organized by Janick Cortsen who arrived there with his old TANGAROA 'JESTER', sold some years ago and recently bought back.

James and Hanneke went there, again with little HITIA on top of their [illegible]. I only saw beautiful photographs, incl. the enclosed, showing six of the catamarans linked together, though the smallest (HITIA) and the biggest are missing, as Jan Fabricius had also arrived after a maiden voyage from Kopenhagen in his TEHINI MK.IV 'SAHIYIA'.

From Norway, the ORO 'VAHINE' had sailed across with other builders aboard. As Tore Tunheim was unable to come, some friends had sailed his TANGAROA across, while Germany was represented by the ARIKI 'AYNURA'.

Flemming Hansen's NARAI 'FELIX III" and Billy Wrights TANE 'TOUCH LOVE', who came from Kopenhagen, I had visited earlier in the year in their winter quarter , The Lynetten Sailing Klub, Refshaleveij 200, where Billy Wright is the caretaker. Visitors are welcome there.

With seven different sizes represented at the meeting, and all of them very fine examples of excellent workmanship, it was perhaps one of the best PCA meeting in Europe.

In addition to James' and Hanneke's trip, I went on a combined business/holiday trip and visited agents and builders in France and Austria to establish more PCA groups in Europe.

At last I was able to meet Norma and David Snow, long time PCA secretary France, who have been interested for years in building one of our catamarans, but never had the place to do so. Then, when they had given it up and bought a a 34' MELODY monohull, they were offered the use of half of a beautiful old Country House, with a great garden and - of course - plenty of room to build a catamaran, which, I hope they will eventually do while enjoying some sailing in the meantime. Please, note their new address: 12 Rue de la Croix Boisee, 91000 Lardy,

David and Norma had organized a meeting of builders in their garden. Jean-Yves and Patricia Porrier broucht a fine model of their TANE NUI which they had made prior to the start of construction (a very good idea). Others brought pictures. There was Olivier Delabrousse's TANE NUI which is already sailing in the Med. Jean Devaux is still building his HINEMOA, while Eric Poirrier's HINEMOA is already moored on the Seine behind Jean-Marc Blanche's NARAI MK. IV. Both welcome visitors. J-M Blanche's new address is: 6 Av. de la Porte Brancion, 75015 Paris, for anyone interested.

The PAHI builders were represented by Christian Gerber and Catherine Soares who are building an AREOI and Alan Boquet who came all the way from Barentin. He is making an excellent job with many refinements, like laminated stringers and beautiful doors, framed and decorated, out of the out-out parts to the entrance into the bunk cabins. He just loves working with wood. The photos I saw showed really beautiful craftsmanship.

Most of the builders had never met each other, so that the exchange of ideas together with seeing other construction photographs were the most valuable part of the get-together - spiced with a barrel of wine, beer and little edible tit-bits. The meeting lasted from early afternoon to late in the evening. It was a good start to establish an active PCA group in France. I feel that we will soon be able to stage such a fine meeting (with boats) in France as this year's in Denmark - perhaps on the Northern coast, where catamarans from England and further up the Channel could sail to.

My French, unfortunately, did not improve much on this trip, as most of the builders spoke some English and as I spent the holiday part of it with George and Joyce Payne (ex RAKA No.1) who have dropped out of the Polycat scene and introduced me to leisurely canal cruising on the 'Canal du Midi'.

All along the Med I noticed vast numbers of luxury yachts in large marinas, while 90% of the sailing was done by Board Sailors. Though this applies to the 'Neusiedler See' in Austria, too - which was my next 'Port of call', I was surprised by the number of catamarans being built in this area and around Vienna, or either sailing in, being built or going to the Med.

Gerhard Bobretzky has already established an active PCA group around Vienna and the 'Neusiedler Lake' with meetings, mutual helping etc. During my stay about 10 builders had gathered in his flat. Everybody had bought plenty to eat and drink to make it a most enjoyable evening, but they had also many photographs to show.

Franz and Hiroko Eschmayer's album was full of beautiful pictures of their holidays in the Adriatic on their NARAI MK. IV 'RISHO MARU', which the Bobretzkys had chartered this year. Peter Gross showed his 'modified' TANE with a deck cabin that he has been sailing on the 'Neusiedler See'.

The brothers Rainer and Christoph Geiger have already a HINEMOA, but Christoph has been fortunate in finding an enormous empty building shed in the fishing port of Chania in Crete - a place, that apparently served as a Venetican boatyard since 1256. A similar shed next to his is used by a Cretan boat builder. Here, he will start building a CAPTAIN COOK in November together with Thomas Gerling. They are both interested in using the CAPTAIN COOK for the 'Greenpeace' movement to give their voyaging a purpose. They hope to complete the project in 2 years.

Franz Taubennestler has just bought the NARAI 'BILBO' from Dick Taat, who had already sailed her to Norway, Sweden and Portugal. He intends to sail her down to the Med in Spring - visiting us, I hope, on his way down the Channel.

After a guided tour through Vienna, Gerhard Bobretzky invited me for a sail on his TANE 'TANE' on the Neusiedler Lake. Though it is the biggest lake in Austria, it is also the shallowest - nowhere more than 1.80m deep. Indeed, they have a yearly race right across it 4-5 km - mostly walking. It is, therefore, easy to pole yourself out of the moorings or home again if the wind has dropped.

With little wind, we poled ourself out and sailing slowly to about the middle of the lake, we dropped anchor and went for a swim. Very useful was a ladder on the bow which, pulled up with a plank over it, served as bow plank to stand on when working on the jib.

On the way home we hoisted the large 500sqft. parachute squaresail. We would have liked to sail right down the lake to the Hungarian border, but more builders were expecting us in Weiden.

Here I saw Gert Noisternig's NARAI MK. IV being built in the WEST epoxy system, giving a beautiful finish inside and out. Nearby, Helmut Rieder and Helmut Fink are building a CAPTAIN COOK each in a giant shed that seems to have room enough for at least three more Polynesian Catamarans. I believe both boats will be used in the Med, being transported there by the Italian railways, apparently a very convenient and relatively inexpensive way of transport.

Finally, Karlheinz Huber, a newcomer, who had just bought the TEHINI plans came from Graz to see these boats and discuss with the builders and me his own project. His boat will be, at least partially, built professionally.

To finish, I would like to wish everybody who I met on my trip good luck and happy sailing, thanking everybody for their hospitality and wonderful time they gave me.

SOME HINTS WE DISCOVERED WHEN REFITTING OUR TEHINI

by Hanneke Boon

After 3 people put their feet through Tehini's platforms, the last one being the Captain. It was decided that maybe the crew was not heavy footed after all but that we needed new platforms:— THEY'RE 14 YEARS OLD AFTER ALL.
As we only had one week to make them in and it rained a lot of the time we had to be inventive

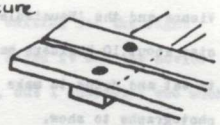
After some radical thinking a design was produced:

Sawn + sanded celcured/tanelised softwood slats, bolted into gratings.

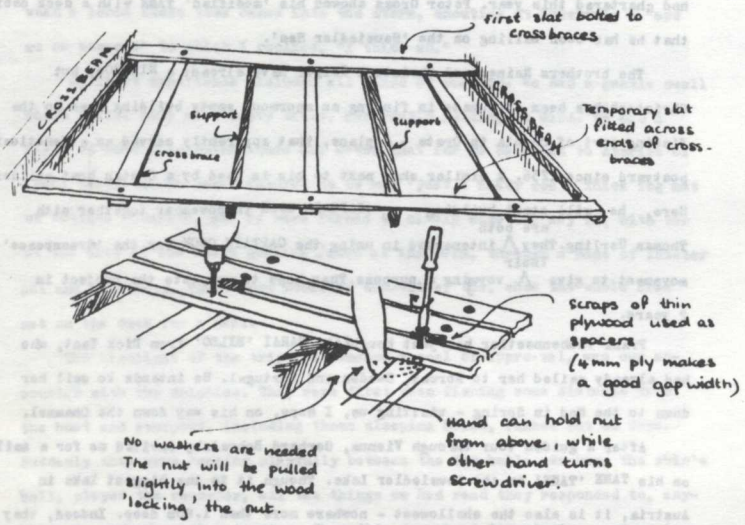
- The celcuring/tanelising ensured rotproof platforms of a pleasing greenish colour.
- Having the slats unplaned meant quick delivery, thicker-stronger slats and cheaper.
- Sanding them, meant a non-slip, non-splintery finish (On our Danish trip we had seen a lot of similarly treated wood used for interior design)
- Bolting them we could do in the wet and in situe. and would ensure strong platforms.

So we used 'Gutter bolts' these are 'Sheridiseed' steel bolts. 2"-50mm long, by ¼"-6mm ϕ.
Reasonable price and easy to get.
The bolts should be greased

we put one bolt through each slat — cross brace juncture

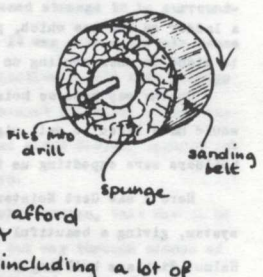


Due to lack of stocks in the timberyard we made some of the gratings of 3"×1" and some of 2"×1", both look good the 3"×1" gratings were obviously quicker to make and used less bolts.


first slat bolted to cross braces
CROSS BEAM
support
cross brace
supports
CROSS BEAM
Temporary slat fitted across ends of cross-braces
Scraps of thin plywood used as spacers (4mm ply makes a good gap width)
No washers are needed The nut will be pulled slightly into the wood 'locking' the nut.
Hand can hold nut from above, while other hand turns screwdriver.

New SANDER

There are many sanders on the market nowadays, but a relatively new gadget is now available, that in our eyes does all the sanding jobs we have previously attempted to do with disc sanders, orbital sanders and recently we even aquired a belt sander.
However none of these seem to cope as well with tough irregular surfaces as a 'DRUM SANDER' attachment that can be fitted to any electric drill.
Cost is only approx. £3.50 so you can afford to buy two. It is made by OAKLEY



We used it for sanding the hullsides, including a lot of epoxy/glass sheathing. We sanded all the 'platform' slats as mentioned above, but it can also cope with intricate shapes like a steering wheel.

TEHINI UP THE BEACH

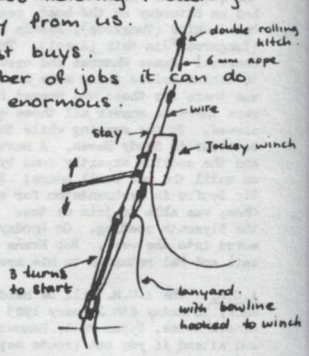
One day when the tide was catching up with some epoxy below the waterline that had not yet set (these things happen), the Jockey winch managed to haul TEHINI (all 4? 5? tons of her, granted partially supported by the incoming tide) about 6' up a sloping beach. It certainly tested out the bottom rudder fittings!

And how about that anchor that is stuck in the mud!

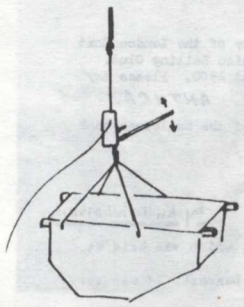
NOTE: The Jockey winch must be stored dry for it can rust.

JOCKEY WINCH

At the last LONDON BOATSHOW we decided to buy the demonstration model of the 'Jockey' winch, after having watched it prove itself for 2 weeks hoisting + lowering an engine just across the gangway from us.
It turned out to be one of our best buys.
It is not expensive and the number of jobs it can do on a POLYNESIAN CATAMARAN is enormous.



TIGHTENING THE RIGGING; on TEHINI this is a daunting task needing at least 2 gorillas.
Now with the Jockey winch I can do it alone.



HOISTING THE ENGINE BOX

It used to be either 3 of us swinging off the block + tackle or a very slow progress on a protesting sheet winch
Now, lo and behold, I can do it one-handed using the other to steady the box.

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We are now selling the new book "DOLPHIN-DOLPHIN" by Wade Doak. Wade describes many encounters with whales and dolphins all over the world and uses his RAKA cat 'INTERLOCK' as a research platform. £14 U.K. £15 abroad inc. post.

WINNER TIKI 21 WINNER

The new Tiki 21 has won the 'Cruising World' of America mag competition for a trailer sailer with a max towing weight of 1,000 lbs

The model of the Tiki will be, once more on our stand at The London Boat Show (UK 25) Kits will be available.

FOR SALE

RAKA. Built by Stalbridge Boats, finished by John Clark. 15mm Cascover over ply hull and 9mm deck glass over ply. Proctor spars, Banks sails, SS rigging with extensive wardrobe. Lloyds insurance report available, Camper & Nicholsons "A beautifully built boat." Cost of materials was 10,000 pounds. 3 double berths Full size chart table, Seafix, Sestral compass, echo sounder, Yamaha 10hp long shaft. Complete and well appointed boat. £8,500.
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FOR SALE

RARATONGA £ 2,500. O.N.O.
Class. J Wharram 27'6" 3.8mm ply on pine 3-4 berth, 12' beam, built 1979 by J.D.Trulove, Boatyard, Torpoint, Cornwall. Jeckells sails, alloy masts, ss rigging. Volvo penta 90 with charging electrics.
R.Harris, 7, CHURCH ROAD, HADLIEGH, ESSEX, ENGLAND. tel. SOUTHEND (0702) 557502.

Copy of letter recsied from Graham Day dated 15th October, 1982

Graham S. Day,
c/o Howell Ave.,
Matraville,
N.S.W. 2036,
Australia.

19th October '82.

Dear Bob,

A difficult letter to write. As you know already, early morning 30th Sept. whilst I was in hospital with boils on my wrist, which caused blood poisoning and other problems to the tendons, etc. Taratai was badly damaged in Botany Bay by a violent southerly storm (the last one was 4 years ago) 63 other boats broke their moorings or dragged anchor and unfortunately mine was the last on the water police's list, they got there 20 mins too late. She was also vandalized and many items were stolen including both anchors (Bruce and CQR 20 kilos) and ground tackle, dispite the attempts of Yvonne, my brother and the local people.

Yvonne had alot of help in getting her off of the beach and clear of the patch of rocks that started the damage. Both rudders and skegs were ripped off and the Port hull, I would think, is a write off.

Ken Waters rang James, who said he would send plans if needed, they are, could you tell him please as don't know his address.

Anyway, the trip here was very good. We all had a great time. Left England Aug. 26th '81 to start with bad problems with crew not steering correct course ie. going north instead of south (Nigel) it took a long time for Yvonne and Jackie to understand var. and dev. but they finally got it. First port of call Corcubia then port hopped down to Gib (had first big storm off St. Vincent) lost prop on something whilst motoring in fog. Met John and Ruby Cork in Gib and Fred Short and wife (Oro) Fred helped me sort out a new prop etc. met two French boats and toured/explored the Morocan coast. Nearly sold Jackie for 200 camels (she talked me out of it).

1st Dec. '81 Left Los Palmas for Antigua had a very slow start till the 11th when we got into the trades proper, then we took off. Overtook a French racing yacht on the 19th and stopped for a chat. They said they were giving up the race, for some reason, they said it was my fault: Midnight 23rd Antigua in sight, I was about 4 miles south of my charted track, which I thought was quite good for an ex R.N. lower decker.

Went Christmas shopping in St. Johns (by local bus) came back to Falmouth harbour and who did I find sat on board waiting, Tony Meakin and new wife, Marion and daughter, had a smashing Christmas on the local rum at £4 a gall.

Had 10 great weeks cruising round Antigua and Barbuda 6 of 10 of them in company with Tony. This was where we had our first run in with the banks, we arranged to have money telexed at alot of expence (as you know) should have taken a few days, took 2 months luckily I'd made arrangements before leaving England to draw £75 every two weeks on my card, but we still dipped into the stores.

4th March '81. We decided to go straight to Panama, covered first 600 miles in under 5 days, then had a hum dinger of a storm couldn't stand on deck! Had ½ mile of warps and chain with tyres out the back she was still trying to surf. Even got pooped by a virtical giant of a wave; caused no damage but made alot of noise.

Decided to use different bank in Panama (Lloyds Int.) who promised within three days from Australia took 6 weeks. It suddenly turned up the day after I caused a big stink in the main bank of Panama City. I think you can draw your own conclusions from that.

We sailed through the locks of the canal the whole way, all sail up, lock to lock.

1st May. Left Balboa for the Perlas a group of beautiful islands, dried out in a little bay on Pedro Gongolez, then scrubbed off the bottom and anti-fouled ready for the Pacific run, went for a walk in the jungle and trod on a snake (we both lept in the air) decided enough was enough and went back to the boat.

Had a rough time tacking to the Galapagos wind mostly SW took 16 days cleared them, then found most of the drinking water was bad. We were down to 1 gall before it rained.

21st June. Arrived Nuku Hiva (Taio Hae Bay). A very friendly isle did alot of sail repairs. Decided to go to an island called Hiao 60 miles to the north in co with another boat and got hit with some vicious squalls.

Heading for Samoa a few days later, I noticed that the rigging was a bit slack, checked around and found that some of the inner beam brackets had broken. They were made out of 5/16" angle iron, she still felt quite safe so I got to work and lashed the beams to the hull (it worked well).

26th June. Weather beginning to get bad with a big swell from the south. Sailed into Pago Pago harbour the wind was so strong we had a job to stop (dropped anchor, sailed over the top of it then snubbed her up). That night the storm hit us 57 knts winds, boats dragging all over the place, luckily we stayed still and nobody hit us. It stayed rough for six days. Part of the time we couldn't get ashore. Anyway I got the brackets welded and fitted. Spend many evenings on board other yachts. An Aussie called Gies told us that any food that we had left on board would confiscated when we got to Australia, so we didn't buy much and departed for Fiji. 7th Aug. weather forcast good. The following afternoon the wind started to rise from the SW after 4 days with no sights and very bad conditions during which the Port frd bulwark was nearly ripped off, I managed to get a rough sight which put me well north of Fiji! Wind eased went south then south east came in by Thikombia Isle but couldn't make land cos of the current etc. so sailed west and then south into the lee of Yasawa. It was great to be in calm water decided to anchor for a rest, made a mistake and found a coral patch with the starb. hull. Came off easily by running an anchor out, moving a few water containers and rope to winch. Got up in the morning and found that one little patch about 50ft. in size was the sole occupant of the bay.

Headed out to pass south of New Calidonia and ran into another storm, spent two day's trying to tack round the bottom end but made no headway against huge seas. The brackets started to go again, the decking was sprung and we were bailing out both hulls daily. In the end I turned and ran north west along the coast. Decided to slip through the reefs at the top, when the gale died down as I'd been given an old chart of the area (in Panama), found a 50 yd. opening and sailed into calm waters. Then Nigel lost the chart over the side!

It got interesting from then on, sailing at first light to find another safe anchorage before dark. Started to run low on propane and parafin so went ashore collected wood. Shot a wild goat, collected clams and other shell fish, etc. and cooked on deck with our bar BQ Found an exit through the reef and finally the wind went ENE then N.

5th Sept. Yvonne sighted land (Frazer Island) wind picked up so we turned S for Brisbane and ate the last of the food. Monday, wind N about a F6 going fast, caught two fish (the first since New Calidonia) 2230 we entered Morton Bay, surfing through the shoals [redacted] that virtually seal the bay, (a yacht that we'd passed earlier in the day ran onto them and was wrecked that night) It took till 1530 Tuesday, before we were secured alongside, as the wind changed to south west. Had a great welcome. The customs were disappointed that we had nothing for them to confiscate, in fact they ended up getting us some.

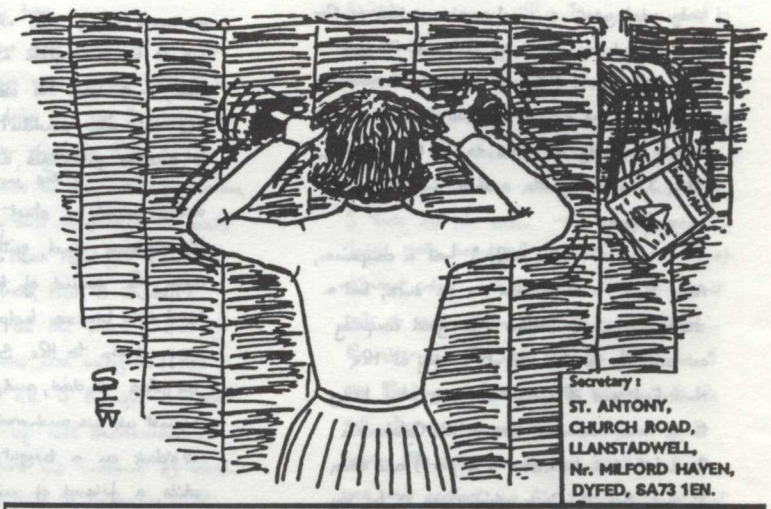
Comments: Most of us enjoyed most of trip and would do it again if given the chance. I would make sure that I wouldn't have to rely on banks getting money to me.

I left with two children and arrived there with two young adults and a very competent crew. Hope this short account is some interest to you all.

From,

Graham, Yvonne & kids

Good Sailing



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My office floor is groaning under the weight of hundreds of back issues, so ~~thx~~ rather than having to replace my floor (or bathroom ceiling) I would like you all to buy some - check what issues you are missing and take advantage of this bargain offer.

or From Editor

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Caribbean Dream

I suppose that I must have been dreaming of sailing to the Caribbean for about fifteen years or more. Certainly, it was one of the reasons that I built Faoileag, my Mk.I Tangaroa. I always assumed that I would sail there alone, since that was the way that my greatest hero, Bernard Moitessier sailed, and even my disastrous single-handed trip to Norway in 1979 (See July 1980 Seaborne) somehow failed to extinguish my dream. It was my last thought at night and my first thought in the morning and many's the hour I whiled away planning and scheming for "The Trip". But always there was something preventing me from going, usually shortage of cash, and always I said, "I'll be ready next year," and always somehow another year slipped by and so it would be next year again. Until this year. Suddenly, circumstances contrived to put me in the position where at last I could actually GO. And so, on the 27th July, 1982, I hauled up the anchor and the great voyage began.

To begin with, I had a companion, Alan Shea, a monohuller to be sure, but a sturdy, competent Fellow and good company as well. We started off at midday at the North-East end of Loch Ness our plan being to go from Inverness, through the Caledonian Canal (of which Loch Ness is a part) and down the Irish Sea to Cork which was to be my jumping-off spot for the passage to Madeira. The sun was blazing down and a gentle N.E. wind gave us a dead run down the Loch enabling us to cover it's twenty miles in comfort and we berthed at Fort Augustus for the night. The next two days were similar, with gentle, fair winds and glorious weather, and we locked out of the canal at Banavie on the west coast in the early afternoon of Friday, 30th July. Pleasant as the trip through the canal had been, it was good to be at sea again and we set off down Loch Linhe, beating against a light S.W. wind. This was the first proper trial of my new rig. Previously, Faoileag was rigged with the Polynesian spritsail, but for ease of handling I replaced the triangular main and the mizzen staysail with a single, Junk-rigged mainsail whose area was just a little larger than the two old sails. To my relief I found that windward performance was just the same as with the original rig, but off the wind she was faster. As the trip progressed and I became more familiar with the junk sail so I grew to like it more, and I became very fond of the big, red sail.

That first day we only made about eight miles down to Corran Narrows and anchored there for the night. We set off the next day at the awfull hour of 4.45 in order to catch the tide which took us down past Lismore Island to the town of Oban, where we again anchored for the night. The following day was a flat calm with teaming rain, so I spent the day getting customs clearance and some stores. In the evening I was messing about on deck when I was hailed by two people on shore, a young lady and a policeman. Clear of conscience, but intrigued, I rowed across to find out the nature of their enquiry. Apparently they had been informed by customs that we were going to Eire and under anti-terrorist laws were bound to ask who we were and what we were doing. The whole thing seemed to me to be a complete waste of everybody's time, and had the weather been any different, we wouldn't have been there to answer questions anyway!

The inconsiderate tide once again forced a start at 5 o'clock in the morning and, gritty-eyed, we drifted down the sound of Kerera before a kind N.W breeze helped us on our way down to the Sound of Luing, but there it died, and as the tide was turning against us, we anchored in Black Mill Bay, at 10 o'clock on a bright morning. After a while, a friend of mine in his motor-yacht came alongside to pass the time of day and also to tell me that a fleet of racing yachts was coming past, this being something called West Highland Week. Sure enough, shortly after, 160 yachts came beating up the sound, making me feel very glad that I was at anchor and not having to contest right of way. 160 boats, even racing, take a long time to pass, and after a while I got bored and went to bed. They were only monohulls after all.

At 4 in the afternoon we got under way again and drifted south, more with the tide than anything else, past the mouth of the fearsome Gulf of Corryvreckan and down the Sound of Jura to a tiny hole in the rocks called Port Keills. A fifteen-foot whale with white flippers and a long, slim snout accompanied us for a while, swimming slowly in circles around the boat.

The peace of a remote Scottish sea loch on a calm night has to be experienced to be believed. and I suppose it was that that caused us both to sleep through our alarms the next morning. Not that it made much difference because we awoke to an almost windless morning with fog banks about. So we just drifted on down the coast past the rocky MacCormaig Isles until a breeze came from the N.W and we got down past West Loch Tarbert when it swung round to the S.W giving us a beat through the Sound of Gigha. The self-steering did most of the work and the day was sunny, although the air was cool and clammy. Towards evening the wind died away so we motored inshore, Alan standing at the bow and conning me through a patch of off-lying rocks and we came to anchor a hundred yards off the beach at a tiny village called Muasdale. This caused a minor sensation in the place as visiting yachts are apparently very unusual here. The owners of his caravan ~~night~~ site were very kind, and gave us coffee and new-baked scones and then opened up their grocery shop so that we could buy provisions. We sat and chatted until late in the evening then rowed back to Faoileag in the dusk and turned in.

I was awakened in the small hours by the tapping of a halliard and I came on deck into a rush of warm wind off the land. I sat around gloomily for an hour or so, conscious of the reef of rocks to seaward and checking that the anchor wasn't dragging. The wind eased so I returned to bed, then up again for breakfast at 5.45 to catch the eastbound tide. We beat on the working jib instead of the big jib and the wind promptly vanished, just as we got the anchor. However, it slowly returned from the S.E. and on a muggy, cloudy morning we sailed smoothly south. I streamed the log off Glenacardoch Point, but it wasn't much use because as we got level with the Mull of Kintyre we were virtually becalmed and started to be taken to the North West by the powerfull tide. I started the engine to try to get across to Sanda Island where there is an anchorage, but after a short time it boiled up and I had to switch it off. Mist descended and soon we were out of sight of land, alone in our own little patch of sea with only the fading sound of the fog-horn on the Mull.

After lunch, to cheer myself up I decided to tackle the problem of the engine overheating, something that it had been prone to for a long time. I eventually traced the fault to a leaking cylinder head gasket, something that I couldn't repair there and then, but I now knew that if I filled the cooling system with water, it would run for about ¾ hour before leakage caused the engine to boil.

By late afternoon we had drifted far off to the North West and were getting rather despondent when a sloop called 'Shearwater motored out of the mist, came alongside and asked if we would like a tow to the anchorage on Sanda Island. We gratefully accepted and two and a half hours later dropped anchor in the bay on the north side of the island. Shearwater anchored there also and after tea we hied Faoileag alongside (easier than assembling and launching the collapsible dinghy) and had a chat with the folks aboard. I rather disgraced myself by almost nodding off during the evening, but it had been rather a long day and I was very glad to hit the sack at eleven o'clock.

Ah, bliss, slept right through until ten o'clock the following morning and awoke to a perfect, sunny day. There was no point in moving since the tide was contrary until the afternoon so we went ashore and found a tiny, disused well where we had a wash and did some laundry and just lay about, savouring the peace and the smell of the bracken in the hot sunshine. After lunch, we pottered and slept a bit, then upped anchor at 5 o'clock and motored out, round the end of the island and headed south. At just there was a horrible lop due to the tide race of the Mull of Kintyre and very little wind so we rolled and crashed and staggered under sail until the breeze came in F.4 from the West and we were off, lots of white water and all. Rapid progress was made right through the night at the price of a rather queasy stomach. Dawn brought the rather impressive sight of four car ferries crossing our track no more than a quarter of a mile ahead, all of them just leaving out of the murk and going on their way seeming not to be aware of a small, blue catamaran flitting down from the north.

Weather and visibility improved with the morning and by midday we were passing down the coast of Ireland, Dun Laoghaire abeam. A Westerly ketch came out and was also heading south but in these ideal catamaran conditions she was soon left behind. An evening meal of onion and herb omelette was taken off Arklow, the breeze lighter but still with us, although by now the tide had turned and consequently progress was slow. I managed to get some sleep in my off-watch between eight and midnight and then came on watch to find the boat almost becalmed. Luckily it did not last, and soon we were skimming over a calm sea on a weather shore, looking for the Tuskar Rock light. I celebrated sighting it at 2.15 am by eating a pint of vegetable broth — odd things one does whilst sailing! Alan took over at four and I had a good sleep, waking to a fresh, sunny morning, the boat hard on the wind, heading for Cork. The breeze didn't hold, though, and so we came about and headed north, entering the harbour of Dunmore East at the entrance to the Waterford estuary. It was very crowded and we had to tie onto the end of a raft of six boats. Now I have been spoiled by sailing in northern Scotland where barbaric customs such as rafting are unknown so I decided to go back out and anchor in the bay.

It was now time for Alan to leave as his holidays were running out. I was very sorry to see him go, for I have seldom sailed with a better shipmate. After he had left, I sat on deck in the evening sunshine, feeling rather lonely and dispirited. I made my evening meal, then read for a while before going to bed, but I couldn't sleep, thinking of all the miles ahead of me. This wasn't how I'd imagined the trip would be at all. I thought I would have been buoyed up with excitement at the challenge before me, instead of which I viewed the solo trip to Madeira with gloomy dread. Sometime during the night my career as a single-handed sailor finally ended and I decided to return home. After that, I slept.

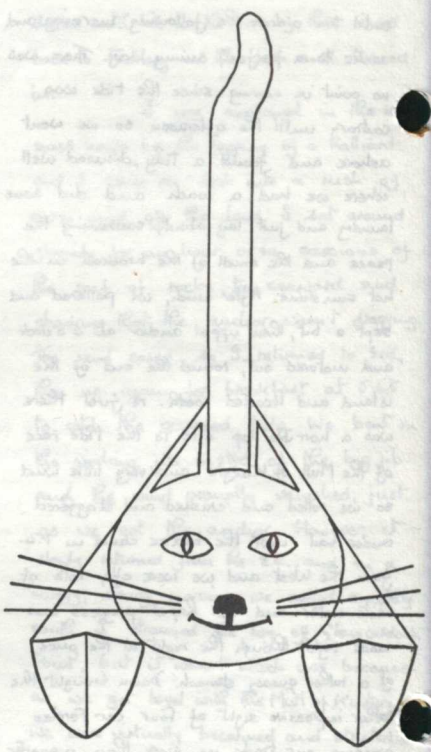
In the morning I went ashore for provisions then left at midday, sailing along the south coast of Ireland in brilliant sunshine over rolling, blue swells, before a F3-4 South-West wind. I thought ironically that this must be very like sailing in the Trade Winds. I soon rounded the Coningbeg lightship and headed north, beating now as the wind had backed to the North west and freshened. I was aiming to stop at Rosslare harbour, and the last two miles were dead to windward with a short, steep choppy sea and the tide against me. It took nearly an hour, even with the assistance of the engine before I finally crept round the pier-head only to find that Rosslare is wide open to the north west, and there was no shelter. The forecast was not too bad and I have hefty ground tackle so I elected to stay and dropped anchor 50 yards off the beach. After an hour or so the wind eased enough to let me go ashore where one of the locals advised me to move as I was in amongst a patch of rocks that almost dried at low water. That accounted for all the lobster buoys in that spot, so I threaded my way past them again and anchored further off.

The weather deteriorated overnight and next morning I awoke to a vile day with rain driven before a strong west wind. One of the advantages of having no fixed schedule is that on days like that one can simply stay put, and I spent the day swozing and reading. The anchorage was very exposed, but I was lying to a 45lb C.Q.R. with ten fathoms of chain in three fathoms of water and didn't budge an inch.

I was on my way before six the next morning, creeping along in bright sunshine with just enough wind to maintain steerage. The breeze came in from the south as the morning progressed and by 3 o'clock Arklow was abeam and the wind had freshened from the SSW. By 4.30 Faoileag was surfing for periods so I took off the main. The coast of Ireland looked really beautiful, little patchwork fields of different colours with here and there the great palls of smoke from stubble-burning. Later in the afternoon the wind rose to F.6 and I was thinking of taking in the mizzen, but the self-steering was managing to cope and I needed the speed to off-set the tide which was now against me. My target was to get to Dun Laoghaire for the grey cloud-sheets of an approaching depression were creeping across the sky and I had missed the 5.50 shipping forecast, although it didn't need that to tell me that something nasty was coming my way. However, ten miles before Dun Laoghaire I saw what appeared to be a tiny port and village called Greystones so I turned into the coast and tied-up at the harbour entrance. It was impossible to get right in because the place was just solid with small boats. I spent the next two days storm-bound, but I didn't mind because Greystones must be one of the friendliest places I have ever visited. A troop of the local kids adopted the boat and sometimes I had as many as a dozen of them on board, peering down hatches and climbing up the rigging. Sometimes they got a bit boisterous and out of hand and I would shout and bawl at them and they would all run away. But they bore me no ill-will and would come back again when they thought I had calmed down! I spent the evenings in a local pub called the Beach House, sipping superb Guinness and listening to the often hilarious reportage of the locals. In the bar are photographs of a storm that struck that part of the coast in 1978 and one of them shows a gigantic wave breaking!

over the harbour wall. The spray at the top is 170 feet in the air! This is a lovely place to visit, but if a North or North-westerly gale is forecast then get the hell out of it since Greystones would be a death-trap for a boat.

The next day, Friday the thirteenth of August (yes, I walk under ladders, too) I motored off in calm and pouring rain, waving goodbye to two of the small boys who had come to see me off. Half a mile from the harbour I put up all sail and after tidying up on deck I retired below. Shortly the wind began to blow from the North west so I set the self-steering and left her to get on with it. It was a grey, lumpy sort of sea and I just plodded rather slowly north. About mid-afternoon I heard the chirping of dolphins through the hull and I shot up on deck and lay on the bowsprit plank, dipping my hand in the water as a large group of small dolphins played around the boat. One of them streaked up between the hulls and breathed just as it passed inches from my face. I was blasted with spray but there was no smell at all from its breath. I rather expected it to be fishy. I always have a marvellous feeling of euphoria after meeting dolphins; I wonder if they project the feeling telepathically? I decided to keep going all night as the forecast was for strong southerly winds and as a result by 10 o'clock the wind had gone light and Northerly! I went to bed, waking up every hour to check, and at one in the morning I came on deck to find a cargo ship sniffing around and a light breeze from the west. I took in the two lanterns that I had on deck and got under way and this seemed to satisfy him for he steamed off. A beautifull, starry night with lots of shooting stars and lovely phosphorescence. The wind was very fitfull and I was becalmed most of the time, and eventually dropped the main and mizzen to stop them flapping in the swell. I got a fair amount of sleep in half-hour bits then re-hoisted sail to a light southerly breeze at 7.30 on a clear, sunny morning with the mountain peaks on the Isle of Man just peering over the horizon. I occupied myself tightening the rigging and generally pottering about, content with the gentle progress. In the afternoon Scotland came into sight and as evening wore on it got heavily overcast and hence the night when it came was very dark. This showed-up the phosphorescence at its best and as I sailed along shoals of mackerel or herring fled from the bows of the boat in explosions of light. I stood for hours watching this marvellous spectacle, lighthouses on Northern Ireland and Scotland clearly visible, quite a lot of shipping passing and then the welcome sight of the lighthouse at the tip of the Mull of Kintyre. The wind veered to the east and gradually built up to F.5, but I didn't reef until I was under the lee of the Mull because I was making such good progress, scorning the tide that had caused us so much trouble on the way south. Once under the lee the gusts were funnelled through the hills and I thought it prudent to reef some of the main. Later I took it off altogether while I had one of my breakfasts at 5 o'clock. By 9 o'clock I was becalmed again so I motored for a while to charge the battery then the wind picked up from the south and I continued under sail. Visibility was much reduced by haze, but not enough to hinder navigation. I was making for a sheltered anchorage called Saikeu Mhor, two miles south of Crinan for once again the forecast was horrible. Just as I got there a huge, black cloud enveloped the sky, it began to rain and blow like blazes and visibity dropped sharply. On top of all that, the electrics on the engine chose that moment to short out leaving me on a lee shore in a mini gale with all sail stowed. I got it all sorted somehow and motored gratefully into the most perfect, sheltered bay I have seen. Totally land-locked, surrounded by thick woods and lying to my 45lb C.Q.R and all my chain in one fathom, I couldn't have cared less about the force nine that was forecast. I went to bed and for twelve hours I slept like a corpse. The following day it was still blowing like mad so I declared it a holliday and just enjoyed doing not very much. The next day again the forecast was still rather nasty, but I was feeling intrepid and decided to go anyway. After breakfast, I re-anchored on a short scope near the entrance to the bay, ready to go at 8.30 to get slack water to pass the mouth of the dreaded Gulf of Corryvreckan. However, Faoileag decided otherwise and took up her anchor and went so I bowed to her judgement and set jib and mizzen, and by degrees as I got bolder, the main. Curiously, we got to Corryvreckan just on slack water. Not only has my boat got self-steering she can read tide-tables as well! Then followed a memorable day's sailing for just past Corryvreckan the tide turned in our favour and with a brisk following wind we sped up the Sound of Luing, past Easedale and I had an early lunch as we passed Oban, where I had planned to stop for the night. By 3.30 in the afternoon we were passing through the Corran Narrows where the car-ferry skipper gave a toot and a friendly wave as we shot past, and so up to the sea-lock of the Caledonian Canal where I locked-in at 5 o'clock, having averaged six knots from Crinan, most satisfying to a rather pedestrian sailor like me. And that really is the end of my trip to the Caribbean. But a dream that has been dreamed for fifteen years doesn't just disapear overnight. If the right sort of person should come along with the time and inclination to make a long sea voyage, well, who knows, I might actually make it to the tropics. TONY PERRIDGE



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WINNER TIKI 21 WINNER
The new Tiki 21 has won the 'Cruising World' of America mag competition for a trailer sailer with a max towing weight of 1,000 lbs

The model of the Tiki will be, once more on our stand at The London Boat Show (UK 25) Kits will be available.

PAHI in BOONAH

A couple of issues ago the editor was asking for articles for Sailorman. (I always will) At the time I had nothing to offer but now I would like you to know what is happening out here in Boonah, a small country town, population about 2,500, to be building a boat here seems a little odd to most people. However that is what we have started to do.

We started in boating about five years ago, some thing for the kids to do but, as happens in most cases, they wern't interested. My wife and I had got the bug, we went from an 8ft cat to a 14ft racing (ply) cat, this we still own. Then it was a 16ft ply cat, a 20ft Tri and a 29ft Ferro monohull. After getting some experience on these and selling them, we started to look around for something to go cruising in. We both liked the PAHI 42 The only trouble being, we could not get any one to give us any information on the handling characteristics of this boat. Having read several articles on Jim Wharrams boats we took the gamble that the Pahi would be the best one to build. After seeing an ad. in the Sailorman? P.C.A? on a glass Pahi, we got all the information we could on this method, We received our plans in October 81 and have started building 'Foam Sandwich' using ¾"Foam Klegecell, just a different brand to"Airex", for the hulls and ¾" on cabin and decks, ing all 10oz glass and Epoxy resin. We made the temporary timber frame in December and extended the shed. From Christmas to the end of Febuary here it is very hot and humid, not suitable for glassing. At the end of March we glassed the hull, everything went smoothly,we have now removed the hull from the frame. The method of doing this was to tow the frame and hull out of the shed and six men tipped it on its side onto a pile of sawdust. this acted as a good cusion. We then removed the frame and put it back in the shed. With the hull being very flexible we put some bulkheads in place to hold the shape. Then placed the hull on a set of car wheels with a V frame between and just rolled it back into the shed and set up level,plumb and square.

Now that it is the right way up we are pleased with the lines of the Pahi. At this stage we have about two thirds of the material to complete, also a new 25 H.P."Arona"Diesel, I was able to buy cheaply. The problem is I feel that the motor could be too heavy, if so I can always sell it and get a smaller one. Are there any Polycat builders that have Mid. mounted on a Pahi design? Does the Pahi pitch any more than the long keel designs?

If any P.C.A. member could supply any information I would like to read about it in The Sailorman, Information on cats is very scarse in this neck of the woods. I will try and give progress reports as we go along,

Any correspondence will be welcome.

Rob and Joan LEY
109,Church Street, Boonah 4310,
Queensland, Australia.

PLANS for ORO

Unused plans and permission No 196 for sale £200.

PETER M.SIMM, 2,FRANDLEY COTTAGES, ANTROBUS, NORTHWICH, CHESHIRE,ENGLAND.

EXCHANGE

Folkboat 28' by 7' by 4'6" for exchange Hull, Fero. Decks, Foam sandwich, Kemp spars stainless rigging 14H.P. inboard, 4sails 4 berth, Seven years old. Wanted a Wharram of 35 ft or more i.e. Tangaroa, Raka etc.

P.L.FARMER, Phone COLCHESTER 61885
WESTWOOD PARK, WEST BERGOLT,
COLCHESTER, ESSEX, ENGLAND.

TO POLYCAT

WIVES

Now that our Tangaroa is due to go from our back garden to the water I am free to answer a question that keeps cropping up in Sailorman. 'Why do we not have many letters from wives?'!! Well I'll tell you why you dont get our side of the boatbuilding story, because the language would not be permitted in print. Because you don't realy want to hear. If husbands! I use the term losely, as they cease to be husbands overnight and become boatbuilding demons. If they Knew how their wives felt over the years there would be a couple of pages in The Sailorman devoted to divorces and 'boatbuilder seeks more understanding woman than the last one', type ad's. and 'ex boatbuilders wife seeks man not building a polycat'. That one , I suppose would not appear in any boating Mag.

You cease to be a wife, a woman or even mother to your children and become an assistant, one who takes all the blame,moods, and frustrations, pass me this, that and the other heloer. That is as well as being expected to keep a house free of wood shavings, screws, tools,wood,glue,paint,nails,fittings and fixtures for the boat. It also means loosing your living room to masts and spars, they had to be planed down, rounded and treated with a mixture of parafin and linseed oil muck. ORID Guy Barrons brilliant idea, doing the masts yourself,cheaper! Cheaper for who Guy? It cost me loads of sweat, tim and energy. I was told it would only take a day, it took FIVE. Good idea Guy! It was me who had to clean up the wood shavings, knee deep they were, I kept loosing the dog amongst them. The sawdust was worse the Hoover didn't want to know. All this three days before Christmas. NICE. I thought Christmas day would be spent balancing the pud on the masts while watching T.V. under them. If you slid right down in the settee you could just see the T.V. underneath but it made your neck ache a bit. I am still getting sawdust up through the expensive fitted carpet even now, JULY. I find the odd woodshaving between books on the shelf, It is amazing how the mess travels. Every room has its share.

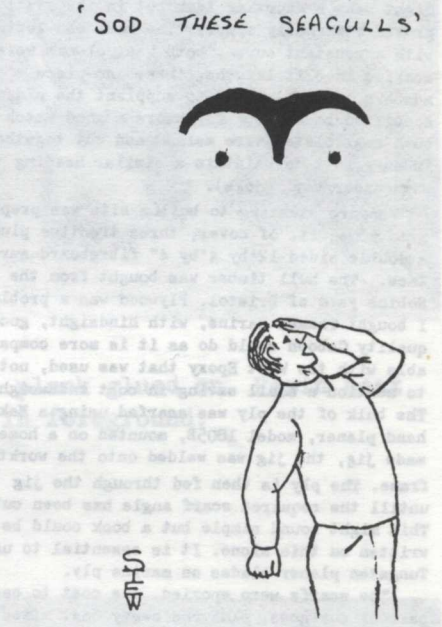
We have two children, a full time job, I dont realy need a boat as well. I mean, all that water, and feeling bad and all that. Do I have to? I still have Mastic up to my elbows after helping to put the chainplates on. I was the one with the sticky job again. I have muscles on me the size of — well welks anyway. Good job though especially when the phone rings. HE cant answer, HE's inside the boat so the phone gets covered in mastic. HE says, "couldn't you have used a cloth?" I can understand sometimes why, that James Wharrams first cat was coffin shaped. Not a bad idea I thought.

I thought I would get out of a lot of the messy jobs when I was pregnant with my first baby, but no. I did get help though, I'll give him that. It was him who dug the hole under the upsidedown hull so that me and my 8 month old lump could get under to wipe off glue when the ply sides went on. You realy do get help when you are pregnant. I didn't believe it before. The sunny days are best, You can get rid of him for most of the day with the boat, then when it's raining he keeps popping in to tell you"it's still raining." The fact that you have two large bags full of wet washing to get dry matters not att all. That work on the boat has to stop matters all.

I realy am trying to think of some good times, like painting the hulls, that was good fun but he had to stop after an hour because the smell was making him feel bad. And then our second baby needed breast feeding,it took half an hour to get clean enough to pick up baby much less feed him. The funniest time was when he fell off the side of the boat.Yes that made me laugh. In fact I had hysterics and couldn't stop all day. Hammer on thumbs are good, splinters are amazing ego boosters. Who is it that has to get them out and put on sticky plasters for cuts. There are some good things about polycats I suppose.

It has been five or six years now and we are still together. Our children are nearly five and two now. I quite expect them to reach five and two and I quite expect us to stay together, it has not been easy. It has been exciting though. Once the Hulls are the right way up, it looks good. Once the beams and decks ore on, it looks like a boat. Once the masts are up--- say no more. She is on the water and we are away,hey,hey. And it has all been worthwhile. Each and every year has been worth it. To see something not only grow but come to life as well is the best reward for five or six years work. I think a 'small accidents" column would go down well for some wives , it might encourage them to write anyway. You may even be able to print a few. Thank you Mr. James Wharram for an interesting few years. I hope it floats.

Dianne Bradshaw.
SOUTHAMPTON. ENGLAND.



J.W. DESIGNS
GREEN BANK ROAD,
DEVORAN, TRURO,
CORNWALL,
ENGLAND

THE SAGA OF SHU
or
There's more than one way of skinning a Cat!!

The recent issues of The Sailorman have been rather stimulating with the emphasis on sailing rather than ply-butchering. Therefore I feel that an article on building may seem something of an anticlimax...Here goes anyway.

The decision to build a polycat came came about through a number of reasons, one of which being the disaffection with my Westerly 26 mono, it was slow and possesed of a rolling gait. Another reason was , a number of very succesful Tangaroas had been built in the Cardiff area. The first to catch my eye being that of Les Fryer. The second hull of his Tangaroa was being constructed half-in, half-out of his garage, after giving a hand to turn the hull over, a very constructive relationship was formed. Many hours were spent in formulating the basic layout of SHU with Les, Without whose assistance I would never have begun construction.

The outcome of all the planning was a boat of 32' waterline length with a 10'main cabin. Construction had to be as light as possible, all stringers and deck timbers were of aircraft quality Sitka Spruce. The backbone was to be ommited to save weight, reduce cost and increase storage space. I had spent some time participating in the homebuilt aircraft scene. Woo-built aircraft are constructed in much the same way as Polycats, both utilise th deHavilland method of stressed ply tech nique, to emply this to the full it was decided to scarf as much ply and board as possible. This meant the sides being fitted in 37 ft long by 5ft wide sheets. At first this might seem a daunting task but in the event proved reasonably simple. The keel was lofted with a constant curve, both keel planks were scarfed in 32ft lengths, these one-piece members being designed to supplant the plans-specified backbone. To ensure a good match both keel plates were marked and cut together in an effort to maintain a similar heading when under way! (joke).

Before starting to build a site was prepared 600sq.ft. of cover, three trestles plus a double sided 12'by 4'by 4" fibreboard surface. The hull timber was bought from the Robins yard of Bristol. Plywood was a problem, I bought Thames Marine, with hindsight, good quality Gaboon would do as it is more compatable with the West Epoxy that was used, not to mention a small saving in cost and weight. The bulk of the ply was scarfed using a Makita hand planer, model 1805B, mounted on a home-made jig, the jig was welded onto the worktop frame. The ply is then fed through the jig untill the required scarf angle has been cut. This might sound simple but a book could be written on this alone. It is essential to use Tungsten planer blades on marine ply.

The scarfs were epoxied, one coat to each pair of surfaces, plus one heavy coat mixed with cotton fibres on one surface. They were then stapled together against a flat wood surface with a staple gun. Polythene was put between the wood and scarf joint. The ply was pulled off the wood after 24hours, the staples were carefully removed.

The gluing sequence.
Two 8'by4' sheets together forming 16' by 4'
two 8' by 1'3" together, 16' by 1'3"
one 16' by 4' edge on to 16' by 1'3"= 16'X5'
Two 16' X 5' to make 31'7" by 5'.

The last scarf was cut 5" wide as this was near the centre of the boat and therefore under great stress. The long edge gluing was performed on the main deck beams which are 20' by 8" by 3" Douglas Fir. The 5ft short fall is scarfed on just prior to fixing the sides on the side frame. It may seem time consuming but more time was spent on decking one hull than scarfing and gluing the four main hull panels. I enjoyed the scarfing and gluing but it is now possible to get sheets of ply 40ft by 8ft also 10ft by 5ft in Britain,these are ideal for Tangaroa and hand scarfing. I have succesfully cut a number of scarfs in various depths of ply with a standard, manual hand plane, the blade must be kept ultra sharp. The Makita /3inch power plane with tungsten blades makes it a bread and butter operation.

The next step after hull plates, was was setting up the frames and stringers. The omission of a backbone was one of the best decisions that I've made, but it does require a fairly flat site so may not suit every builder. PLEASE consult JIM WHARRAM DESIGNS if you are thinking of omitting the backbone on your project. (Or any other major mods. Ed)

The four main frames are set up on level 8' planks and held vertical by temporary laths The keel plate is draped over the vertical bulkheads and lined up with pre-scribed marks on the plate. A small chamfer is cut on each bulkhead to accommodate the camber in the keelplate before the latter is glued to the bulkheads. Inner stem and stern posts were fixed to the ends of the keelplates by means of gussets, The modified skeg being modified to double as a gusset.

The top stringer was as standard. The remainder was sawn to a nominal ¾" by 1½"then

THERE'S MORE THAN ONE WAY OF SKINNIG A CAT!!!!!!

notched into the bulkhead edge-on. The latter may seem unothodox but fully scarfed hull sides act as a stressed - skin and only require stiffening to prevent oilcan effect. The Prout brothers have used a similar system on Phantom Wake, with success, this is very heartening.

After fairing off the ply sides were then clamped onto the skeleton hull.and all the stringers were pencil outlined on the inside of the ply. The sides were removed and cut to size with Black and Decker jig saw. All pilot holes for screws and nails were drilled, guided by the pencil outlines. The ply was now ready for fixing except for the 5' shortfall that was scarfed on at this stage. Up to this point 90% of all ply movement was performed single-handed, each side only weighed 220 lbs. One end lifted at a time.

The first hull side was fixed to the frames with the help of Stuart Macleod, at this stage the job was an unknown quantity. After about three hours of frantic activity including a few blisters incurred struggling with the slight double curvature at the stern, the job was done. Two thirds of the second side were fixed single handed with Stuart helping with the last third. It is possible to fix a 35ft by 5ft panel single handed but with one helper you dont have to move at over Mach 1. It needs three people to move a 35ft sheet any distance as it flops about like a wet kipper. "Kipper", its brown, smelly and floppy.

Sheathing tends to be a very emotive subject, my own methods will only add to the debate. West epoxy and 6oz. glass woven roving Woven roving was a choice based on pure ignorance. A 56kg roll was bought from Martins for £50. The first hull was sheathed in the normal way, draping and stippling. This left a rough surface and used up thirty belts on my 4"Wolf belt sander.at £1 each. The cost of belts was more than the cost of resin and glass.I started to experement on the latter part of the hull and got a glass smooth finish without sanding.

The first priority is to have a warm dry draught free area. Mine is covered with corrugated translucent sheet surrounded by walls and tarpaulin.max temp 110°, ambient 60°F thus keeping the wood dry and the West thin, giving better penetration. Sand and remove all dust, preheat the West to 80°F using a hot box with a couple of light bulbs, at this temperature the West is very thin and soaks easily into the wood. Slow hardner is used to extend working and penetration time. The rov - ings are draped over the hull and left to dry and the resin mix is applied with a two inch brush over an area of 4sq ft. starting at the top. After thoroughly wetting-out an oral wood spatula is used to smooth out the glass weave. Smooth from the centre out at 45 degrees to the weave with the long edge of the spatula , the surplus West is worked into the next 4sq-ft of glass. Gentle pressure, do not starve the glass of resin. After a few minutes the wood will have absorbed most of the resin so another coat of resin is applied to the wetted smooth surface using light brush strokes.

Smooth over the top of this a light plas-tic sheet, Omit air pockets. After three hours the plastic can be peeled off (the resin should have cured) Check! Leaving a glass smooth transparent finish. Practice a little on some less important piece first.

Decks are pre scarfed ply and of constant camber to ease fitting. By fitting the deck beams vertical the curve is drawn onto the by 1 and the surplus removed. This is not wasted but glued onto the lower edge of the beam resulting in a very strong curved deck. Five stringers of 1½"by ¾" are notched into the top of the 3" by 1"s. Fair off the stringers etc. The ply is primed with West and fitted. This is fairly difficult single handed and with limited headroom. The scarf is about 14ft by 5ft though pear shaped.

Bulwarks are.. Time consuming an under statement. I compounded the time factor by gluing them on. They appear to come off too readily, they help to hold the deck on better. Nature has a way of belittling mans puny efforts and I dont intend my bulwarks will add to the Oceans flotsam with the first gash drop of briney that comes over the side.

The knees have been doubled in each position and West filleted. The wood support battens have been hardwood dowelled and glued to the deck beams. The main strength is biased to ward the deck surface in an attemp to let the bulwark'go' without compromising the main structure when the big one comes on deck. "SHU". is the ancient Egyptian god of the Sky and Air.

Rob Wharton, Cardiff, WALES.

THE CATAMARAN.

We'll build a boat, says he,
To take us afloat, says he,
'Twill be great sport,says he,
And so we built a Catamaran.

What kind of a one? says he,
Well a fella called Wharram, says he,
Has the very plan, says he,
And so we built a Catamaran.

No need for fright, says he,
She'll sit up right, says he,
A pretty sight, says he,
And so we Built a Catamaran.

And we musn't boast, says he,
But when others broach, says he
Downwind we'll coast, says he,
And so we built a Catamaran.

Fourth year in sight, says he,
Now wasn't I bright, says he,
And wasn't I right, says he,
To build a Catamaran.

C.Herlithy.

Just to let you know that Hinemoa "Fantasy" is still looking and sailing good. J.Herlithy,
Out of CORK, IRELAND.

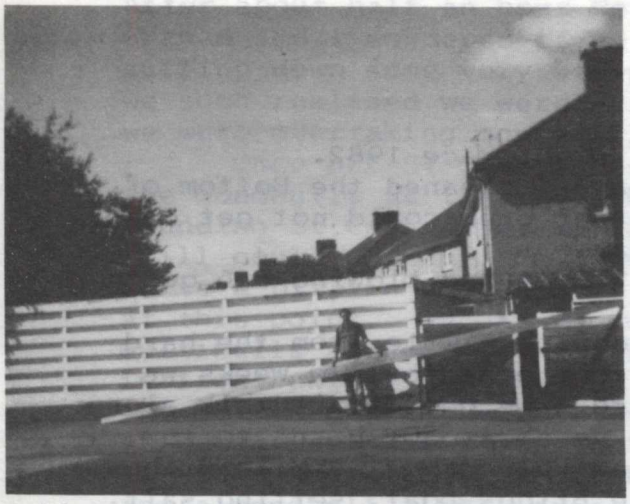


Fig 1 Keel plank with constant curve.

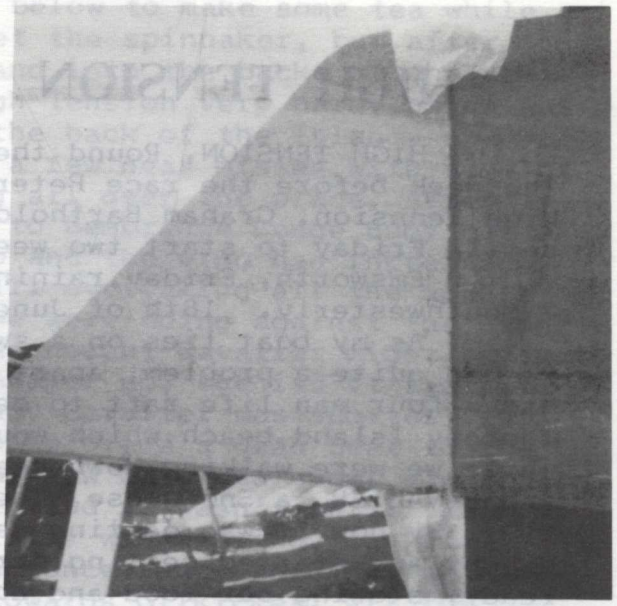


Fig 3 5ft short fall scarfed on.

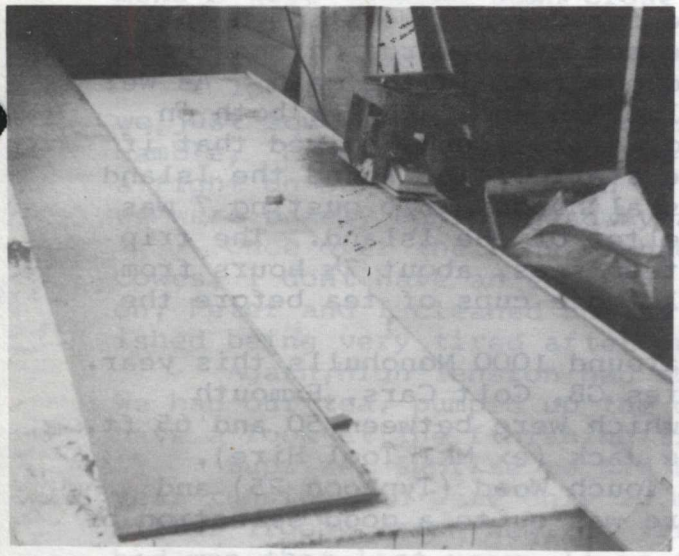
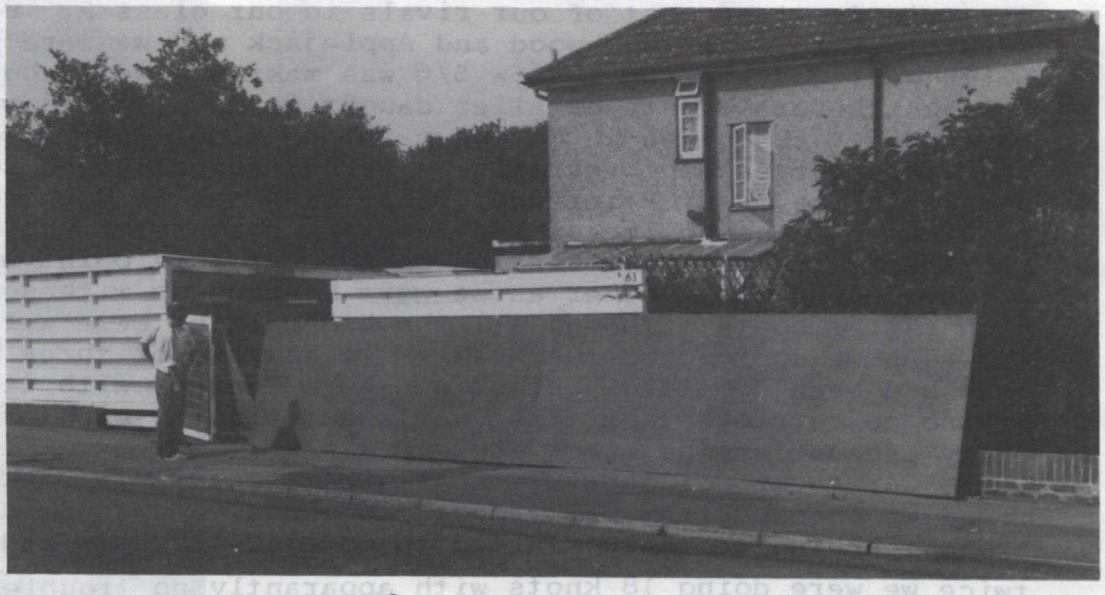


Fig 2 Makita mounted in home made jig.

Fig 4 Keel plank glued on. Resin heat box in foreground.



KIPPER.

HIGH TENSION

HIGH TENSION, Round the Isle of Wight race 1982.
The week before the race Peter Taylor and I cleaned the Bottom of High Tennsion, Graham Bartholomew my other crew could not get down untill Friday to start two weeks holiday.

Emsworth, Friday,raining hard, 7.30pm and blowing 5-6 gusts 7 Southwesterly. 18th of June.

As my boat lies on a swinging mooring a mile from the hard we had quite a problem, apart from all our gear for two weeks we had a four man life raft to get on board. We decided to walk along Thorney Island beach which would leave us about 300 yards to row, while we were walking down chanel we saw "Blue Fin" ex Mike Briggs and CAVALIER, a Snowgoose, The new Mike Briggs boat, setting sail.

By now it was getting dark and we made two short trips in our dinghy and started getting ourselves sorted out, getting our bunks ready, stowing our food and not forgetting to put the kettle on,for a cup of tea. Yes I am a tea adict. Anyway Peter and Graham packed the gear below and I plotted a couse for Cowes. We slipped our mooring at quater to midnight and we set off towards Chichester Entrance. We carried working jib and one reef in the main. As we aproached the Entrance we spotted Blue Fin and Cavalier both on moorings by Hayling Island, tempting, still I had decided that if we didn't sail now we would miss the start Of The Round the Island Race, anyway we had the tide wtih us although SW5/6 gusting 7 was not in our favour we were in the shelter of the Island. The trip to Cowes was a good beat in short steep seas, about 7½ hours from Chichester, just in time for a couple more cups of tea before the start.

There were 35 Multihulls and around 1000 Monohulls this year. Among the Multis were Brittany Ferries GB, Colt Cars, Exmouth Challenge and Livery Dole; all of which were between 50 and 65 ft, amongst the smaller boats were Apple Jack (ex Mk1 Tool Hire), Cheers Dears,Tihiti Belle (Val 31), Touch Wood (Typhoon 25) and Mike Ellisons Sabu, trifoil, so there was quite a good selection of boats for the race.

Forcast SW 5/6, meant a dead beat down to the Needles. WE slipped our mooring at Cowes and after our passage last night Peter Graham and I decided to carry full main and working jib, I think we were the only boat with full main, if things got a bit choppy by the overfalls of Hurst Castle we would put in a reef.

As we made our way to the start line the big cats and tri's were tacking up and down, when we started we were fairly close to the gun, mainly to keep clear of the big boats. We made a good start in front of most of our rivals in our class 2. Boats we were close to were Touchwood and Applejack and we were pointing quite well considering the SW 5/6 was making a very short steep sea just before Hurst, Cavalier caught us up although we had two very good tacks close in on the mainland side. Off Hurst there were some very steep overfalls as we had suspectected so we tucked a reef in the main, Peter and Graham have got it down to a couple of minutes. In the lee of the land the boat felt much better as we tacked with little effect on speed. At this point we thought we were doing much better as we were keeping up with some of the much faster boats, though all the big Multies were well in front.

As we approached the Needles we saw two or three monohulls that had been demasted, infact we saw a Centaur with its crew trying to retrieve their mast,sails and rigging with great difficulty because of the lumpy sea.

Our tacks got shorter because of the shingle bank but once round we changed from working jib to genoa, and shook out the reef broad reaching we realy started to move 12-15 knots and once or twice we were doing <u>18 knots</u> with apparantly no trouble.

After about half an hour Peter went below to make some tea while Graham and I wondered if we could set the spinnaker, but after surfing down some very steep waves and into the backs of the next we soon realised we were driving High Tension very hard, as it was we were overtaking monos all round the back of the Island.

Once off St Catherines we had a few near misses with some of the monohulls as they were broaching all over the place. After rounding St Catherines we had a run to Bembridge Ledge Buoy but we still could not put the spinnaker up and the wind had increased quite a bit, in any case we were still overtaking all the mono's at this point. We had no idea how we were doing against the other multihulls as none were in sight, we thought Cavalier might be just in front unless she had had her spinnaker up, she is37ft against our 28. Rounding Bembridge Ledge Buoy, Cavalier was spotted, then we had a fast sail down to the forts before a a dead beat to the finish. About halfway to the fort we saw Cavalies under power tow ing a monohull right across the fleet and it wasn't untill we got past them that we realised their forstay was missing, the mast looked o.k. though. We pressed on and once round the fort we then decided to do one long tack across towards Gilkicker, all the mono's were tacking down close to Ryde, although they were more out of a foul tide than we were we had a clearer wind, I have found High Tension does not like short tacking.

Toward late afternoon, evening, the wind started to drop as we just squeezed past Gilkicker and we saw another cat, Stalker of Hamble, From then on the wind just dropped and we realised we had a fight on our hands. When we finnaly came in sight of the finnish we were barely making headway and one or two monohulls passed us.

Once over the line we had trouble getting up to a mooring off Cowes, I dont have an engine. Having tied up Graham put the kettle on, Peter and I cleaned up the boat. We were all glad to have finished being very tired after our overnight trip from Chichester.

Again, High Tension had done us proud with no faults at all. We had our tea, pumped up the dinghy and went ashore for a pint and have a look at the finishing times in the club.

Suprise, suprise we had won our class (class B) for the 2nd year running and were only 20 minutes away from winning The Golden Millar Trophy which went to Tripple Fantasy (35ft Kelsal Tri), we had won that last year. It is for the fastest multi on corrected time.

Paul Wells,
Effingham,
England.

POLYCAT PROFILE by Roly Huebsch

"Night Cloud" is a Narai IKIV built by Bob Burdett and Shirley Bailey in three years of their spare time. She is built of fir plywood and polypropylene sheathed. Crossbeam attachment is by lashings instead of the standard metal and rubber fittings. The interior also shows some interesting innovations as shown in the cutaway drawing - we will take a tour clockwise starting with the port afterpeak; this contains a head and sink. The port aft bunk cabin is standard with a double bunk. In the port main cabin the floor has been raised 10 inches in the forward half, this gives enough width for seating on each side of a centerline table. Sitting eyelevel is high enough to see out the cabin windows, which is very pleasant. The after part of the galley has a dickinson stove to port and the sink to starboard. The forward bunk cabin has a single berth on the port side which is a continuation of the main cabin seating. There is standing headroom on the inner keel beside the bunk and a bench seat forward puts the bunk at writing table height. Access to this cabin is by a hatch to starboard (to avoid drips on the bunk) or in rough weather, by crawling under the galley table. Both forepeaks are used for sail stowage, and the starboard forward bunk cabin is standard. The starboard main cabin has an aft entrance from the cockpit offset to port and an athwartships chart table, with chart stowage under, to starboard. The rest of the cabin has bench seats and stowage shelves. The starboard after bunk has been eliminated, and in its place is a cockpit footwell one stringer down from the sheer, and draining through scuppers in the sides. Under the cockpit is a large storage area known as "The Hold" with access from the main cabin. Steering is by an extended starboard tiller. The starboard afterpeak is used for storing deck gear, mooring warps, etc.

Night Cloud was launched near Kincardine, Ontario on Lake Huron in June 1980. In August she made a two week shakedown cruise through the North Channel Islands. In June 1981 she left Lake Huron for the Atlantic via Lake Erie, Lake Ontario and the St. Lawrence River, a distance of 1,700 miles. From Nova Scotia Bob and Shirley have taken her down the U.S. east coast to Florida and across to the Bahamas where she spent the winter cruising the Abacos. At the time of writing (April) she was heading south through Eleuthera to the Exuma Cays and beyond.

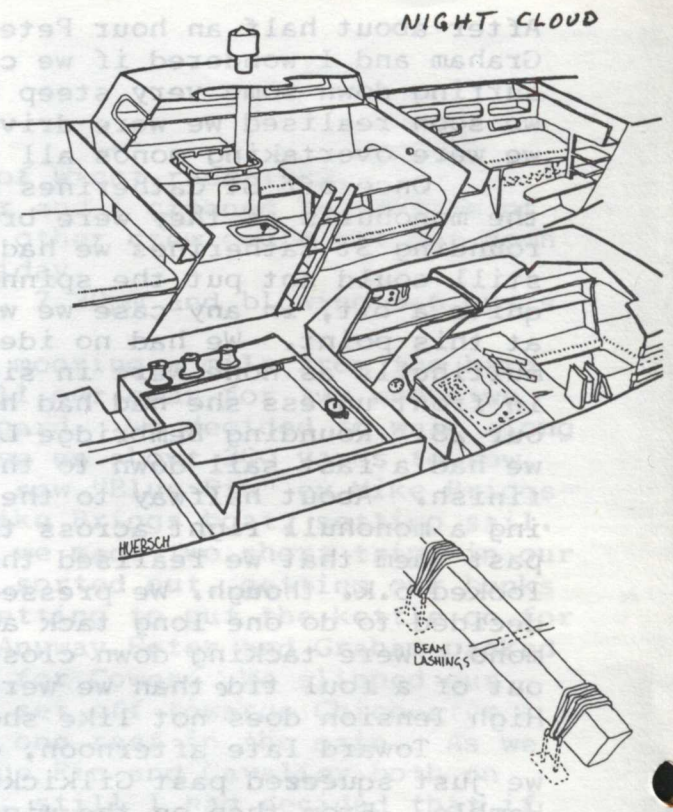


photo by Neil McVean

polycats CANADA

TRAVELS IN A TAKE by Mac Brown

Last fall MAC BROWN sailed his TAKE single handed from PICTON, on LAKE ONTARIO to the FLORIDA KEYS. In the last issue we left him near the SOUTH CAROLINA - GEORGIA border.....

I have had to sail compass courses to the markers on several of the sounds as misty rain would seem to close in at just those times. I cut across the shoal area of St Andrews Sound instead of sailing the mile or so out to the seaward marker just inside the breakers. It was nearly high tide so I figured that five feet of tide and three feet at the shallowest part of the shoal would be more than ample. The Cruising Guide warns about the severe tidal currents in the Georgia rivers, but I have never had any anchoring problems. As for trying to take advantage of the tide, it is impossible; the waterway goes from one river to another by a land cut where they come close together. One day I was in four different rivers going up one and down another so the tide would be with me in one and against me in the next. Some are not really rivers but tidal streams between sounds so the tide flows in from both ends and meets in the middle so you are going up the first half with the tide and down the next half against it.

The rains that had been threatening all week in South Carolina and Georgia finally caught me in the Cumberland River, just before the Florida border. I pulled off the waterway into the Brickhill River and anchored, expecting it to clear in an hour or so, but it did not before nightfall so it was not untill Friday 6th November that I entered Florida. The wind was strong from the North so I made a sixty mile run past the St Johns River to anchor behind Pine Island just fourteen miles short of St Augustine.
I use a docking line to port and starboard cleats tied to the boom so that when I jibe, which is often with a tail wind and the twisty waterway, I can ease the boom across and tie it on that side. This is a continual process and I am glad that I have a sloop rig with only one boom to tend. I stopped in St Augustine for supplies, anchoring off the Castillo San Marcos and landing the dinghy on a patch of beach in a corner of the seawall just south of it. I got my supplies and hurried back to make the Bridge of Lions opening time on the hour. The winds started dieing in the afternoon so I had to motorsail to reach the Marineland marina in good time. I hadn't been in a marina since I was storm bound at Carolina Beach NC just before going down the Cape Fear River so I needed to do a laundry. Also I only had about three gallons of gas left since I last filled up at Charleston and with contrary winds in prospect that was not going to last long.

Sunday 8th November I motored through the four bridges at Daytona Beach with Patient Lady of Bellville (Ont) and White Whisper of Toronto; they were cruising in company and rafted each night. I anchored near them but had to leave to make the Port Orange Bridge before 07.30 next morning or have an hour's wait before it opened again. I found a nice sand beach at the entrance to Mosquito Lagoon and stopped to clean Chiquita's bottom. I easily made Titusville that afternoon where I planned to stop to investigate the possibility of laying Chiquita up next spring and return in the fall for another winter's cruising. I found that at least two Canadians leave their boats here, mail in their cruising permits to Port Canaveral and then apply for a new one the next year when they are in the water. Costs involved are $2.00 per foot per month plus hauling and blocking charges. One family lives in a trailer in the yard and at that time there were five families living on their boats while they were fitting out or doing repairs, painting etc. It is quite a do-it-yourself yard.

SMOOTHING EPOXY by Aben Mackenzie

I have discovered something of significant interest to anyone involved with epoxy coating of plywood in particular. I am sure someone else has thought of this but in all my experience and reading I have not come across it.
Basically it is a very efficient, cheap, time saving alternative to the nessessary wet or dry sanding of epoxy between coats. As anyone who has ever sanded cured epoxy knows, it is HARD. My new technique involves scraping the epoxy about 18 - 30 hours after it has been applied with a standard wood scraper such as all cabinet makers use. Even a large chisel or any type of scraper would work to some degree. Probably the ancient scrap of glass used to smooth a wood surface would be good. This evens out all of the thousands of tiny bumps, and if followed by a relatively light sanding with 120 - 180 grit (preferably wet), prepares the surface superbly for either the next coat of epoxy, varnish, paint or whatever.
Even a hardened fully cured epoxy surface responds well to scraping, but it is harder than a day-old film and if one scrapes day-old epoxy it is usually too soft to sand until the next day.

It looked rainy again when I left Titusville on the morning of Wednesday 11th November, but I pushed on thinking I might be lucky and miss it. South of the first bascule bridge Patient Lady and White Whisper were anchored. They planned to watch the Space Shuttle launch, but I wanted to take advantage of the North wind for sailing so went on for thirty miles. Next morning I started before breakfast to get through the first bridge at Melbourne before it closed from 06.45 to 08.15. Through it I dropped my sails and drifted while I had breakfast then sailed down to the second bridge where I had to wait twenty minutes for it to open. During the morning I saw Columbia take off; quite a sight even from my distance. The wind was strong all afternoon and I passed a sailboat motoring that had passed me earlier. 90% of the sailboats on the waterway are under power even though there is lots of wind for sailing. I anchored in a side channel before the bridge into Fort Pierce. The next good sailing was Hobe Sound and Jupiter Inlet and the Lake Worth Creek into Lake Worth. I turned North in Lake Worth to anchor in the extreme North end. I was wondering if this was where Ernie and Margaret Heard spent last winter as I did not see any other anchorages to compare with it in the rest of Lake Worth as I sailed down the next day.

Saturday 14th November; fourty-four miles today and seventeen bridges. After Lake Worth the waterway became a ditch again with homes and condominiums and what-have-you lining both banks. To protect their property from being washed away by the continual power boat wake, they have concrete seawalls. Along here the waterway is rougher than the ocean in my opinion. The waves made by passing boats bounce off the concrete seawalls and run just as high back to the center where they cross and reach the opposite walls to bounce off again. Add a continual stream of powerboats of all sizes and perhaps you may get a glimmer of what it was like - I have never experienced anything like it before. Anchored in a side channel I was continually rocked until people tied up their boats and went to bed.

Sunday 15th November; woke at 5 o'clock and started early before dawn to try to beat the traffic as I have twenty miles of canal to travel before it opens into Biscayne Bay. Everything was as smooth as glass until 7 o'clock when an early boater came roaring along. That started the canal rocking and it never calmed down the rest of the day I guess. However I got through Lauderdale, Hollywood and Hallandale before the traffic really started. Most of the bridges today are restricted so had to do some waiting at several. Then a slow sail on light winds to Key Biscayne and Hurricane Harbor where I anchored for the night.
Monday morning I noticed a black Tane anchored a short distance away. I sailed down to speak with them but they must have been sleeping in as there were no signs of life so I sailed on to the Featherbed Bank Pass into Lower Biscayne Bay. The wind died as I approached the pass and I had to turn on the motor. I could have gone over to Biscayne Park Harbor on Elliot Key which is very nice, but being so close to the journey's end after a total of sixty-seven days, of which fifteen were layovers for bad weather or just for a change, I wanted to push on to Manatee Bay. I motored across Lower Biscayne Bay and Card Sound. The wind came up in Little Card Sound, but from the Southwest, right on the nose. Through the bridge into Barnes Sound and I had room to start sailing West and South so I worked my way down the Sound and into Manatee Bay where I anchored shortly after 5PM.

If I counted all the miles into anchorages and out again, I must have over 2,100 miles under my keel since leaving home. Probably more distance than I have put in in my sailing lifetime and it is not done yet - I have to get home again, but that is for another time. Perhaps before that I will get over to the Bahamas.

Everyone here gave me a warm welcome and it was just like arrivin, home after a long absence. There are a nice group of people here that we have gotten to know so it is like a home away from home.

Epilogue:

MAC's wife AILEEN joined him for an idyllic Christmas and their 3rd winter cruising the KEYS. They drove back to ONTARIO in April to take care of business (income tax time catches up with us all!) but MAC is planning to return south for a solo crossing to the BAHAMAS in the 1st week of May. In June he will return to FLORIDA and stor the boat there for the summer, while he returns home. Hopefully he will be at the Sail-In to tell us more about his trip.

One of MAC's projects for the summer is to build a sailboard - he was hooked in FLORIDA! - He says that if anyone is interested he bought the plans from STEVENSON PROJECTS, Dept. W-81, Drawer K, DEL MAR, CALIF. 92014. Plans are $7.00 plus 75¢ for first class mail.

NEWS FROM NIGHT CLOUD IN THE BAHAMAS
(excerpts from a letter dated 21 March 1982) by david & neila
"The stove (a Primus 1 burner pressure job) works like a charm. ...uses so little alcohol and so little kerosene. Great for this territory where kero is so cheap. We entered the Pub Crawlers Cup Race from Marsh Harbour to Little Harbour and with light winds on the nose, we came sixth. A trimaran (40' Brown) beat us but a 40' Bolger design won. A real drunk it was, it was.
After the race, we reprovisioned, watered up, etc in Marsh Harbour. On the Wednesday, 3 multihulls arrived in harbour. Two tris and a cat (50' Wharram) called "the Great Eagle". What a shock to look up out of the hull and see a large Wharram coming straight at us. Andrew and Judy Welch recently sold it and the new owners hope to use it for day charters down in Nassau.
On Friday, we headed off out on the big 'O'. It was a 70 mile trip and with good NE winds it was a great sail, 6-12 knots with staysail and yankee. After spending all day on the big rolling waves it was a shock to poor Night Cloud to get back on the choppy shit on the bank. We spent a quiet night at Royal Island just west of Spanish Wells. Then yesterday, we headed around to Harbour Island via the Devil's Backbone - a route inside and amongst the coral heads on the off-lying reef. What a time that was! A short but hairy trip brought us to Dunmore town on Harbour Island. It was highly recommended as a picturesque place but this was spring break and it was bedlam. From here we plan to go back to the west side of Eleuthra via the Devil's Backbone and see a few places like Governor's Harbour and Hatchet Bay. We then head to the Exumas."
Well, last we heard, Bob and Shirley were heading further south along the Bahamas chain from Georgetown where they had stopped for long enough for Shirley to fly back to Toronto and Embrun for a 10 day visit. We saw Shirley briefly and she looked terrific. They had started to become much more self-sufficient, were spearing lots of fish (including a large red snapper with rice on the side) and sprouting and Shirley was taking mini-tomato seeds back for on-board growing. They are planning on travelling south in the Bahamas and then either crossing to Domenica or to the British Virgin Islands. If money holds out, they won't be back 'til next spring. Good luck!

MULTICASCO
THE BRASILIAN ASSOCIATION of OFFSHORE MULTIHULLS
NEWSLETTER. A.B.M.O.

Brasil is large so we use the mail to talk of our aspirations, about our boats and building, the techniques and material prices, lets see photographs and drawings, lets know the histories. Lets contribute to A.B.M.O. let us share our knowledge and experiences.

The major magazines have been advised of .A.B.M.O. We are compiling a list of potential and actual builders and a summary of models sailing, to compare construction and sailing characteristics. Announces (ads) are free to members.

Here on the water are a Tangaroa, 2 Narais, 1 Oro , 2 Hinemoas, 2 Hinas and the Areoi 31 'Banana Split'.

Christopher Wheller and family sailed into Brasil on his Oro to The RionGrande do Sul through Lagoa dos Patos (lake) along The Rio Guaiba to Porto Alegre, Capitol of R.G.do Sul. As time went by The Whellers bought a piece of land to build a house. Meanwhile, they have found a very original solution to their accommodation problem. See photos. below

Good Winds,
SERGIO C.CHERMONT,
RUA BARATA RIBEIRO 807 Ap.604
COPACABANA CEP 22051
RIOdeJANEIRO BRASIL. Tel: (021) 2378942 e 2579534

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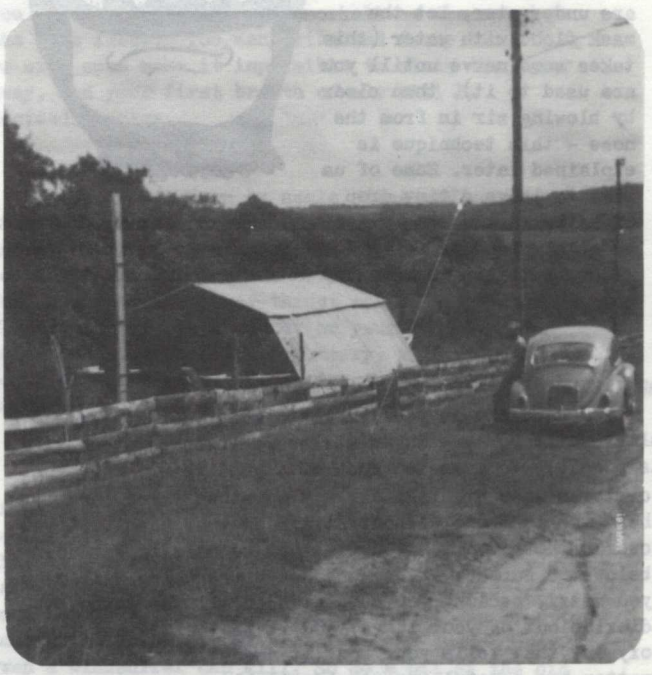
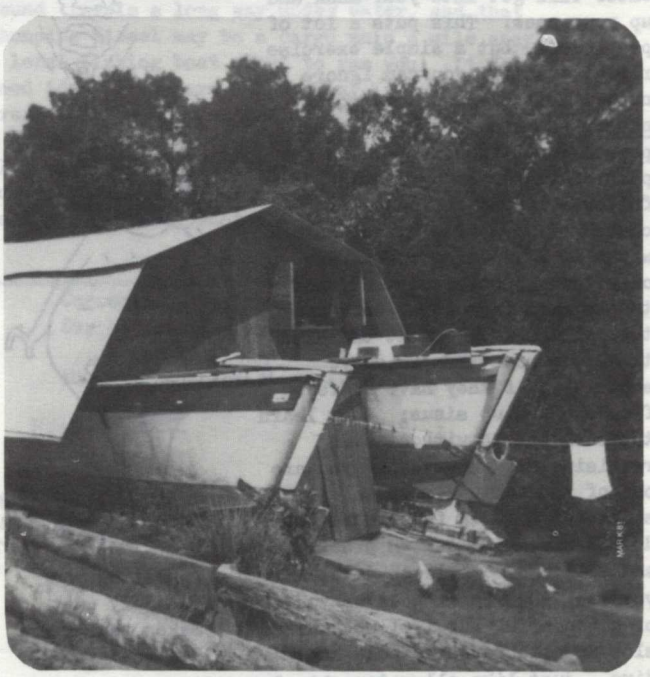




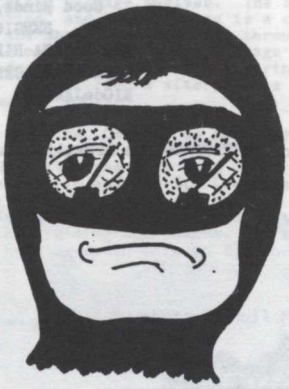
SNORKELLING PART 2

By SONIA SURY-GENT.

Now you have acquired your gear, you need to know how to use it properly, i.e. stay alive. Water can play nasty tricks on the illprepared; Air underwater can be even nastier.

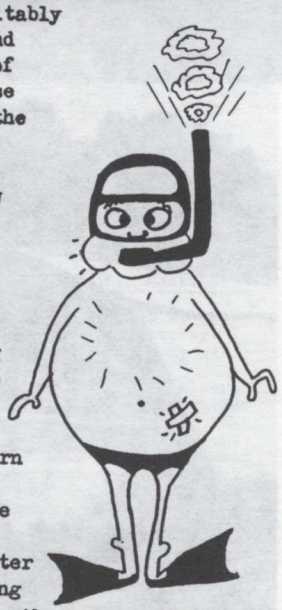
SEEING.

To stop your mask from steaming up as soon as you put it on, spit in it, wipe it all round the inside of the glass, then rinse quickly in the sea. Don't wash the spit off thoroughly or you will end up with smeared fog. If the fog returns once you are underwater, let the mask flood with water (this takes some nerve untill you are used to it), then clear by blowing air in from the nose - this technique is explained later. Some of us like to leave a tiny drop of water in the mask all time, then clear away the mist by sikply bending forward and swirling it around the glass, but this is more use to divers than snorkellers.



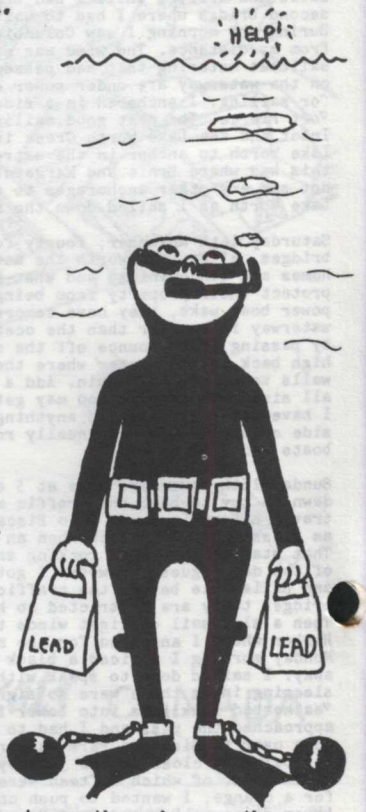
BREATHING

You need air in your lungs to keep your system alive while you are in an airless environment, but it is possible to have too much of a good thing. Take two or three deep breaths, not any morethan three, and hold the last one without straining your chest. If you overdo the inflation you will not be able to get down below the surface. Too much heavy breathing will make you dizzy, because you have flushed all the carbon dioxide out of your lungs, and it is the CO2 not the oxygen, that tells your body it needs to breath. No matter how careful you are,inevitably water will get into your mask and up your nose. This puts a lot of people off, but a simple exercise repeated untill you can ignore the nose reaction and automatically not brath through your nose has proved very effective and is now part of the training ritual, followed by the various diving clubs. Find a nice bit of calm water or a swimming pool. Use only the snorkell, no mask, and try to swim face down, breathing through the snorkell at the same time. To some this is easy, especially if they have suffered from stuffed up sinus; they learn to mouth breath without even realising it. However if you are one of the fortunate mortals who still has a fully functional hooter do not give up, keep on practicing and telling yourself that the horrible sensation you you feel when water goes up your nose is simply part of a wonderful survival mechanism that makes your heart slow down to conserve body heat and oxygen when you dive, just like all water ahimals.



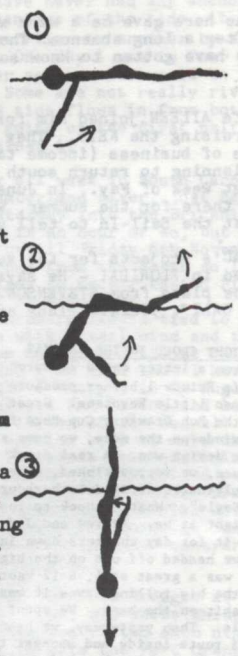
BOUYANCY.

Too much weight and you and you will sink, never to see the light of day again. It is very difficult to swim upwards against the pull of several pounds (kilos) of rock or lead. Not enough weight and a bit of spare body blubber makes getting under the water a realy hard job. So obviously you need to find the happy balance. Most men will not need any weights at all for shallow water snorkelling, or at the most only about 4 lbs (2kg), just enough to make them float upright with the water at nose level. Ladies have a greater need of lead weights, due to their greater, and usually nice to look at, distribution of body fat, but they should be carefull and not let the man decide how much weight his partner needs, just in case he fancies leaving her on the bottom and going single-handed sailing. In any case you must always be ready to leave your weight belt on the ocean floor. Should an emergency arise life is worth much more than a lump of melted down car battery.



GOING UNDER.

There are two methods of going under; first thrash about wildly, frightening all the fish and soaking anyone in nearby boats, eventually subsiding beneath the waves in a welter of foam and exhaustion; second, duck dive using the minimum of effort and help from that marvellous Newtonian invention gravity, catch the fish by surprise, and have pleanty of puff to last you several minutes. Duck diving is easy, a bit of practice makes perfect The idea is to use the greater weight of your body out of the water to push you down into the wet in a single gracefull movement. Let us pretend you are swimming around in a nice clear warm bay, with the bottom about thirty feet below. (For the maschochists, the North Sea off Inverness in January.) You are wearing all your snorkelling gear, including fins, and your lung(s) are full of air. Keep your body floating face down, legs together, put your arms down in front of your face and take one good downward directed breaststroke. At the same time bend from the waist down and swing your legs together up into the air. The more vertical you are, the better will be the dive, because it is the weight of your legs push you down coupled with the breast stroke swimming action of your arms that pulls you

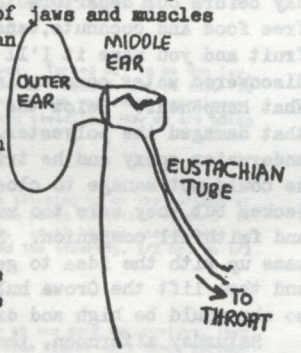


down. Do not start to waggle your fins until you are completely submerged, otherwise all that lovely momentum will be wasted in wild thrashing about on the surface. Also dont be to concerned about getting completely vertical, because when your body is upsidedown it tells you wrong information, and although you think you are not fins up-head down, you are in fact about to tip over backwards. After a bit of practice you will 'feel' that the dive is right, and it will be. The golden rule is, DONT RUSH. In the water everything should be smooth,steady,and a lot slower than on land.

CLEARING.

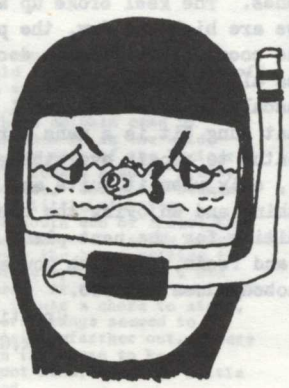
1. EARS

When you have performed your perpect duck dive and you are about five or six feet underwater with out having read the rest of this rhubarb, you will experience discomfort unless you are one of those aforementioned lucky clear nosed mortals. It will not be due to my sticking pins in effigies of half trained snorkellers, but simply pressure differences between the water outside your eardrums and the air inside your head. To get rid of the feeling of slight agony, you must equalise the two pressures If you dont. Your eardrums will burst. If you cant, then you must not attempt to dive until the reason has cleared up, such as a cold or sinus trouble. To 'clear your ears' chew on the rubber mouthpiece of the snorkell, the movement of jaws and muscles will often openthe eustachian tube which joins throat to ear, and let air through. If you have a cold, it lets cold virus and mucus through as well. If that doesn't work, then pinch your nose and blow gently until your ears 'move' or pop, and you loose that sense of pressure on the drum. Again practice makes it easier in time. If when you dive for the first time, you feel cold water trickling down the back of your throat, give up at once, you already have perforated eardrums.



2. MASK

No matter how perfectly your mask fits, water will get in, and if you have managed the swimming without mask bit, then water up your nose will not bother you anymore. Too much water can be jetisoned by holding the top of your mask firmly against your forehead and blowing air through your nose so forcing the water out at the bottom edge of the mask.



This also has the added advantage of equalising pressure within the mask, so that it doesn't pinch your face and make you feel as though your eyeballs are poping out. One of the many reasons why goggles are no use for diving is because of this squeeze on the eyeballs.

3. SNORKELL.

Some people like to breath out gently all the time they are pottering around on the seabed, sometimes it helps them to stay close to the bottom, but all save a last puff or two for when they surface. Before you can take one gasp of fresh air, you have got to blow out the slug of water in the snorkell, like a whale blowing. One good spout should do it, provided you have a simple pattern snorkell as described in the last issue. Too many ribs and fancy bits, long or wide ones make it impossible to clear the water away, and your first breath of air will be decidedly soggy.

4.FINNING.

Flippers are worn by seals, fins are worn by snorkellers, and correct finning technique is both energy efficient and enjoyable. Move from your hips not just your knees, in a very slight bicycling motion, and feel the power-thrust coming off those flappy bits of black rubber on your feet.Use your hands and arms to fetch and carry, with only the occasional breast stroke action to help turn a corner.

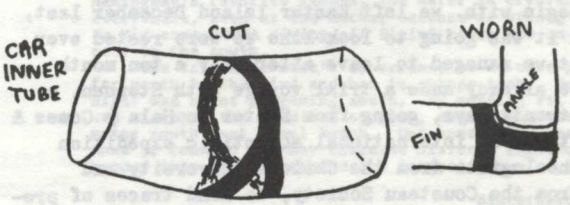
5.SURFACING

This can be one of the most dangerous manouvers if in a crowded anchorages or busy water. When coming up, put your left arm above your head,straight up, for right handed people. This way your arm is the first part of you to surface. I could tell some horrible tales of divers loosing their arms to passing speedboats, but rather an arm than a head. Even a windsurfer can kill. So do a bit of the old crossing the road routine, look listen, then move. Sound travels a long way under water, and that thumping diesel may be a cargo ship a mile away,or a local fishing boat about to ram you. It is a good idea if you are snorkelling in 'sensitive' areas to have a thin line attached to your body by a quick release knot, with a marker float and an A flag on a stick. Make the flag stiff so it stands out without the aid of a breeze, then hope that any boat nearby knows what the diver down 'A'flag means.

Corrections to Part 1 of snorkelling for cat people. By SONIA SURY-GENT.

A simple fin retainer is cut from the innertube of a car tyre.

FIN RETAINER.



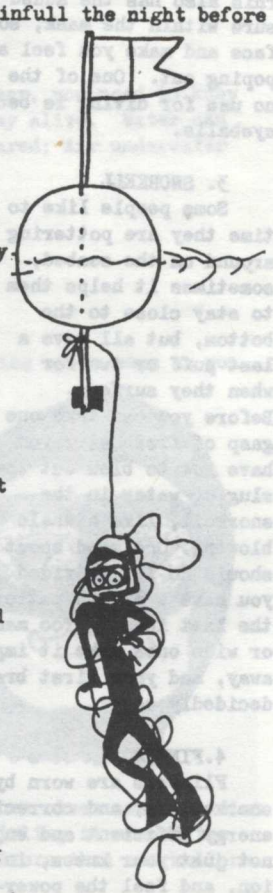
DONT and WHY NOT.

Alcohol - if you had a skinfull the night before dont go in the water on your own. Your reaction time will slow down and you will be extra sensitive to cold,which could lead to exhaustion and hypothemia.

Hypothermia - cold creeps up on you without you knowing it. Some people dont actually feel cold, just rather weary, then they can fall asleep in the water- need I say more?

Scuba divers - resist the temptation to scrounge an extra lungfull of air from a passing diver. He is using compressed air at the ambient pressure of the depth he is at and can come up slowly,allow ing his body time to adjust to changing pressures. If you surface with a lung full of compressed air, it will expand so fast your lungs will be so much frothy red jam, and we can't afford to loose members like that. In addition you could get a touch of the bends, and who wants to sail a Wharram from a wheelchair.

Earplugs. NO NO NO. Ask any doctor, the smallest thing you should stick in your ear is your elbow, and even that should be avoided if possible.



Colds. First, you probably will not be able to clear your ears. second,if you can, the muck pushed up into your ears from your throat can set up a nasty infection. A freind was left permanently deaf in one ear. Third, having managed to clear your ears going down, you find you cannot come up without considerable pain,(and if you do force it, your eardrum bursts outwards). If this happens, a condition known as reversed ear then swallow hard,yawn, massage the base of your ears, and come up very slowly. Even though you ache to breath, you still have pleanty of oxygen in your system, Its the CO2 build up that is trying to make you gasp for air. Finally, dont hyperventilate, that is breath too deep for too long before going under, and dont carry too much weight. HAPPY SNORKELLING.

SONIA

MANGAREVA,
Rikitea, March 6 1982.

Dear Friends.

Rascals in Paradise, and catch, another banana, as many as you can want. This is the life we were looking for, if only ..... if only, we write, because we have some Orowa trouble, which makes life in paradise obnoxious. It is hard to believe that Goethe meant by writing, "nobody walks under the palmtrees unpunished", having boat trouble, but here we are !!! under the palms and damaged.

To begin with, we left Easter Island December last, although it was going to look like we were rested ever there,but we managed to leave after only a ten month stay. We already made a trial voyage with Stephen, a trip of twenty days, going from Easter to Sala y Gomez & back. It was an international scientific expedition with archeologists from the Chilean University and divers from the Cousteau Society, to find traces of pre-historic visitors and to study the ecology of the Island. The divers had the job to dive for lost ships, according to the books there must be seven around Easter Island. In old Rapa Nui legends, Sala y Gomez was known as the island where the bird Make Make lived on this rock, nature was untouched by human hands and the birds were unafraid and came sitting on your shoulders. For the divers it was hard as there were sharks everywhere. On our way back the boat was loaded with dried fish and samples, an interesting journey.

As we left Easter Island we felt sad. After all it is the birthplace of our son and we wonder if we will ever see it again, as it is not a place to drop easily.

We sailed in ten days to pitcairn, covering 1300 miles and disturbed the old mutineers of The Bounty by our very flexible Orowa. They had never seen a Wharram and they hardly could believe their eyes, let stay, to come from Holland in that!!! She was named by them as the wobbler, and that signifies a Wharram typical. We stayed a few days ashore and left the boat at anchor in the open ocean. Every day Henk walked to the other side of the island to see if she was still there, and she was, but he almost was not anymore, a breaker came and took him with the rushing water back in the sea. His back bably damaged, and without his brand new camera and his watch he came ashore again. The pastors wife, who is also the nurse on the Island was more upset than Henk, and gave him all kinds of injections and plasters.

This happened 2nd Christmasday and from that day the the mutineers call the rock 'Henks place'. The Pit-cairners, 51 in total make woodcarvings which they sell to passing vessels. About seven ships pass weekly, as it is on the shipping route, Panama -- New Zealand. As soon as they see a vessel, they launch their long-boat, take their carvings (sharks and flying fishes) and off they go after the tanker or whatever. In this way they try to make their living, especially to swap the carvings for books clothes and foodstores.

New Year.

First of January we arrived at MANGAREVA, Paradise, and we spent a lovely two weeks, enjoying all the fresh free fruits and overeating in catch,another banana. The Pacific breeze made us dizzy and we persuaded our-selves to beach the boat so we would not have the hard job to row ashore. As we were beached , we spent the day before our departure to store as much as possible free food and coconuts,bananas, mango, papaya, bread-fruit and you name it I'll write it. By doing this we discovered water comming in the kitchen hull. What ! What happened!! Below the sand was coral hidden and that damaged the polyester. Henk tried to fix it with underwater epoxy and he tried a lot of other things but he could not manage to close the leak. We tried portable jackes but they were too weak to lift the boat. Our old and faithfull companion. Somebody, I think it was me, came up with the idea to get pallets and the bulldozer and then lift the Orowa hull by hullonto the pallets so she would be high and dry.

Saturday afternoon, the bulldozer ready, a lot of people in locomotion trying to get old Orowa up. THEN, it happened!! The tide was comming in again and one hull was on the drums and the other was hanging on the bulldozer. We could not find enough pallets so used drums. One drum tipped over, the bulldozer could not hold the boat and she fell down 1½ meters, breaking her old bones. The keel broke up and you believe it or not here we are high and dry, the palmtrees laughing at us and the coconuts falling on deck. Big spiders and cock-roaches all over the place.

Rascals in Paradise, and I cannot remember the per-son that sung "it is a mans world" as it will take Henk two months to repair everything and me? As it is a mans world , only when it suits me, I agree with that. I go sunbathing and enjoying the breeze and bananas.

Waiting for the next plane to fly in polyester, cloth and resin, we wish you all the best, remember us when nobody does anymore.

Greetings,
Henk,Gini,Stephen and Soldier.

Out Into The Ocean For The First Time On A Raka
by Carolyn Orr

Handling correspondance and filling orders for Binary Boat Systems, has put me in touch with many people of Wharram interests. I felt a sense of community about this trip and a desire to share it with other sailors. Here are some entries from my log started when we left Biscayne Bay, just south of Miami, Florida.

6/21/82 2:15PM

Got underway in beautiful sunny, breezy conditions. Motor ran great after correct part was obtained following discussion with parts counterman. Gear all stashed aboard, galley stocked, and dogs washed after encounter with garbage bin on shore. Everything was right for taking photo to mimic Wharram poster drawing. The atmosphere is quite different out here now than on weekends. We are away from the mainstream rather than in the middle of it.

5:12PM

During a discussion of the best time to fix dinner, I stated that this is the best time to look around. At that moment two consecutive splashes appeared on the surface of the water. It was three dolphin who put on a show for us, leaping higher than I've ever seen them do in the wild. Our two dogs were interested in them also. This was near the outer part of Biscayne Bay where it joins the ocean. It is nice to be reminded that not all dolphin are in the Seaquarium.

9:00PM

After a gentle sail drifting accross quiet water as the sun went down, we stopped and dropped anchor. Elliot Key was clearly visible as a shape on the horizon, and Turkey Point Nuclear power plant a mass of glittering lights behind us. Washed my face in the salt water. It seemed warm, could it have been discharged by the power plant?

6/22/82 10:30AM

Exercises, breakfast on a tempermental stove, dishes, egg scalding and egg oiling done. We are heading for the south end of Elliot Key, our departure point for Bimini.

8:30PM

Anchored this afternoon in the mangroves. Terry did some snorkeling but [illegible] current was so bad I just soaped up, jumped in, was carried to the other [illegible] of the boat, and managed to get up the ladder. Now to try to sleep until 2:00 A.M. and then head out into the Ocean. It looks like a perfect night.

6/23/82 2:00AM

Alarm rang, slept surprisingly well. It took a lot of preparation to get going. First time I pulled up the anchor it had to go back in because the throttle came loose on the motor. Second tome my foot slipped and I went over. As I was loosing my grip on the boat, Terry came to the rescue and pulled me back up.

2:45AM

Underway-At the begining with the motor running and high waves from the reef, it was hell to steer. As soon as Terry shut off the motor things somehow seemed right. At first I used the shore light for reference, as Terry gave me the headings. Then away from land the stars were clear, even the Milky Way. I was grateful they were there.

4:12AM

Cleared reef out to open ocean. It was frightening to be out of sight of land on a relativly small boat, but the night had a calming effect. Quite a few freighters, one came awfully close. First signs of sunrise and gradual lightening, good to see numbers on the compass without a flashlight.

11:48PM

Terry spotted land, don't know what it is yet. Turned out to be Gun Cay, Cat Cay and South Cat Cay, islands south of Bimini. Headed towards them to confirm their identity. That first sight of land was an emotional experience. The water and sky are dark blue, the wind is dying steadily. Now we are going quite a bit slower after a fast start.

1:22PM

[illegible] spotted Bimini. Just a few little trees sticking up on the horizon at [illegible], but in the right place as indicated by the radio direction finder. In turning toward it all foreward motion was lost, so it became necessary to start the engine. It was really hot! We traded the steering, 1/2 hr. on 1/2 hr. off, except while Terry put up the awning.

3:45PM

Arrived in Bimini Harbor, MADE IT! Tied up at the dock for customs, then anchored in the harbor. Our friends John and Joan Pierce were there already and knew the ropes. They have been cruising for three months on a similar catamaran with their child, but with air-conditioning and refrigeration. The harbor was busy with an endless line of tournament fishing boats coming in and seaplane takeoffs and landings.

6/28/82 Evening

Bimini was less relaxed and had more modern buildings than the last time I was there, but a lot of the old spirit was the same. We had Meyers Rum at Hemingway's old favorite bar and were refreshed by the crystal clear water even at the dock. There was great scuba diving on the reefs west of Bimini beach and south near Cat Cay. I got down to 45 feet, it looked just like all the pictures in the magazines. The men speared fish and collected conch for dinner. They are an elaborate chore to clean, but nothing else tastes the same. We are considering ideas for promoting the Wharram Catamaran as a dive boat.

6/30/82 3:37PM

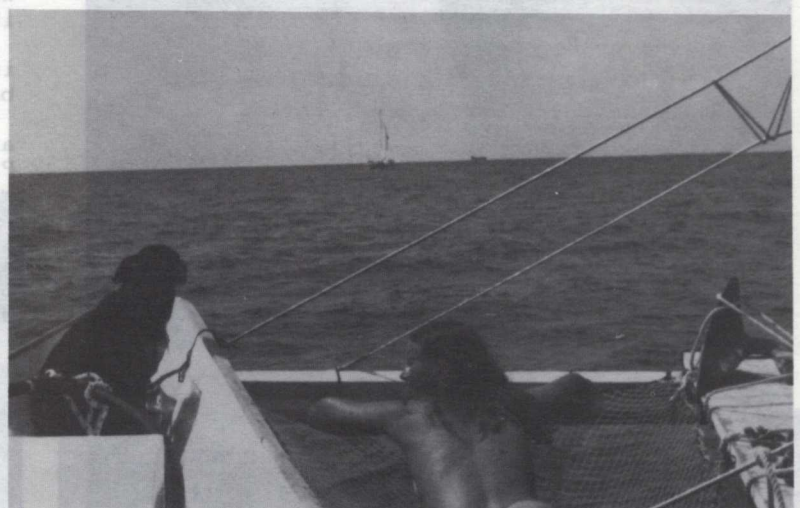
John and Joan left for Freeport and we got things tidied up between times of soaking in the water. The sun felt good at first, after a few days now it is too harsh. Our experiment of living without ice was a failure. All the drinks except orange juice and bottled water became sickening. Cat Cay is a private yacht club with only gas and water available on the dock and ice and groceries at a comissary.

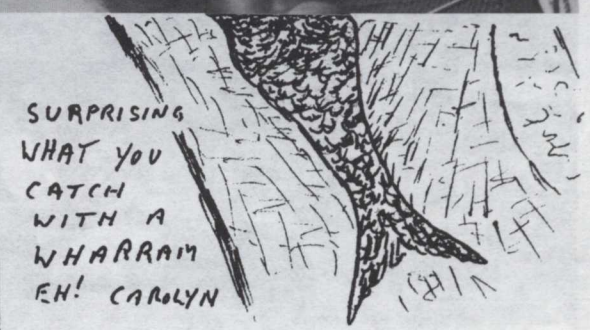
7:45PM

On our way home. Feels so energetic to be moving foreward. The trip home was unforgettable. The breeze picked up as it got dark and we were going at a good pace. Unfortunately the wind was taking us too far north. It became harder to go toward the west without going into irons. Finally about 3:00 we changed tack and headed south. The wind grew stronger and we were screaming along. Everything creaked but held together. Terry stayed at the helm and held the boat steady into the waves untill dawn. When I took over there were welcome lights on the horizon. Soon the small shapes of the skyline showed translucent in the misty morning sunlight. It turned out to be just south of Ft. Lauderdale. As the wind died we turned on the motor for a long haul south to Miami and the anchorage in Cocoanut Grove.

7/1/82 11:57AM

Re-entered Biscayne Bay by rounding the tip of Key Biscsayne with the historic light house. After entering the bay all that was left to do was steer for the biggest condos, then pick up the channel into the anchorage. Now I have some idea what the phrase "blue water sailing" means.





Binary Boat Systems, Inc.

P.O. Box 22342

Fort Lauderdale, Florida

33335

(305) 581-7860

Dear Friends,

This summer we have actually experienced some of the adventure a Wharram catamaran could take you to. We set off from the Cocoanut Grove anchorage at Dinner Key, south of Miami, on Biscayne Bay.

At 5:12 PM near the ocean, three dolphin came by leaping higher than I've ever seen them do in the wild. We drifted along in light airs to the area of the Nuclear power plant to spend the night. It looked kind of pretty glittering with lights in the distance. The water seemed unusually warm which struck me as a little sinister.

The next day we sailed to the south end of Elliot Key, our departure point for Bimini, and anchored in the mangroves to rest untill 2:00 AM. I fell over the beams getting the anchor up in the dark. Terry came to my rescue as I was hanging there, and pulled me aboard. At the start surrounded by reefs, with the motor running, it was a chore to steer. As soon as the engine was turned off things seemed to settle right. The stars became visible farther out. There were quite a few freighters out in the ocean to keep an eye on. Terry was the first to spot land, those few little trees on the horizon looked so good.

By the time we cleared customs and anchored in Bimini, the harbor was like an interstate with a seemingly endless line of sportfishermen coming back from a tournament and seaplane take-offs and landings. There is still some of the old island spirit left though in little frame houses back from the road and Hemingway's favorite haunts. The water is crystal clear everywhere, even at the docks, because of strong currents. We did some SCUBA diving off Bimini beach and on Cat Cay reef to the south.

The trip home wasn't so serene, as we were pushed too far north by the wind and had to change tack. Most of the night was spent screaming south. By morning Ft. Lauderdale was visible, the wind had stopped, and it was necessary to motor south past Miami Beach. Our homecoming was when the Anna J. rounded the Key Biscayne historic lighthouse and headed into the bay toward the largest group of condos.

Sincerely,
Carolyn

DRYSUITS FOR WINTER SAILING PROTECTION

by Tim Francis.

Sailing on the open exposed deck of a polycat in the winter requires good protection from the elements. I am often haunted by the memory of sailing a friend's monohull in the Solent during a force 6 with frequent snow squalls, having to throw the sheets in the sea to deice the frozen coils. It is in such unfavourable conditions that you discover the defects in your oilies: the suit that you thought was ideal suddenly developes leaks and coldspots. Through the cold and increasingly soggy misery, ideas of a warm dry cocoon become appealing. Divers dry suits provide a snug solution, but have the drawbacks of being expensive and require assistance to put on, generally impractical below decks in a heaving sea.

Now a company making North Sea survival suits have solved the problem of the front entry zip system, and have developed a drysuit suitable for surface watersports such as windsurfing and dinghy sailing. The manufactures, Aquastar Ltd. 1-3 Peel Street, Derby. claim that the Goretex taffeta suits which seal at neck, wrists and ankles are completely waterproof, windproof, lightweight and flexible, and may be machine washed.

The front zip makes the task of getting in and out a simple operation,easily achieved below decks in a hurry.

With a price of around £150. these suits are comparable with most good offshore oilies. Protection from the cold is easily achieved with conventional thermal or fibre pile suits. Boots, gloves and headgear to your choice.

For those of us who are mad enough to sail in adverse weather, these drysuits may provide a viable alternative for keeping snug during those long winter passages.

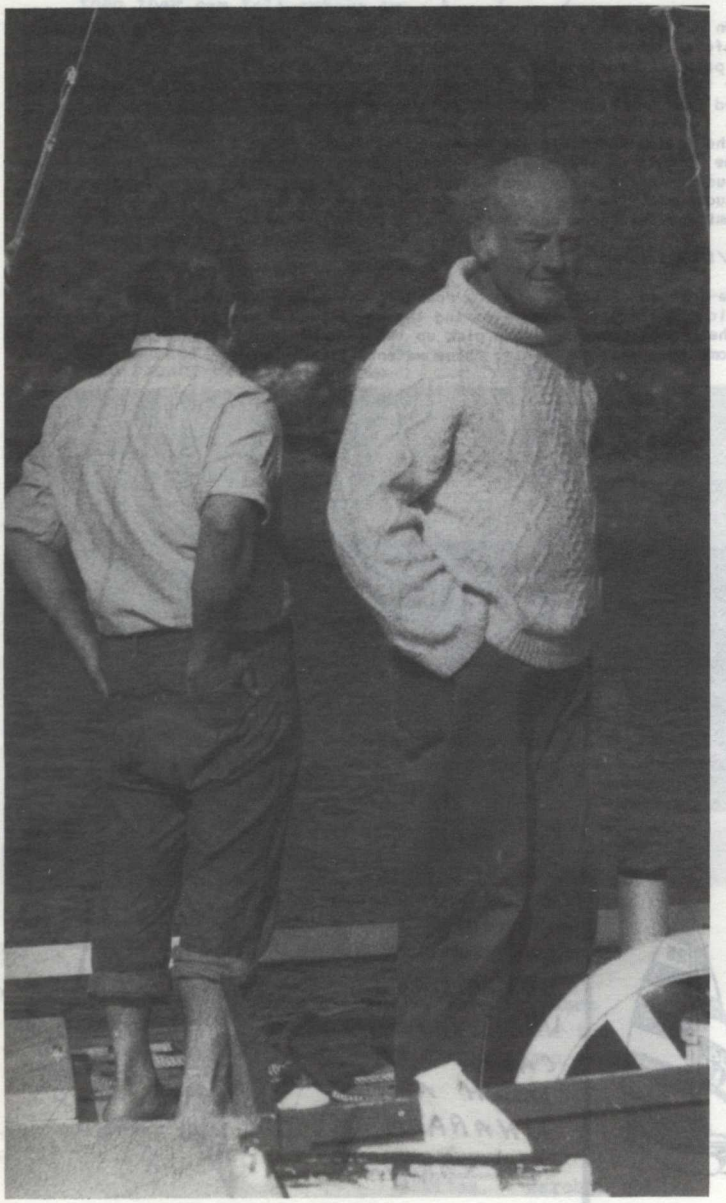
Tim Francis, Southampton, England.

Flat 4. 32,Dean Road,
Bitterne,
Southampton,
Hampshire.

Dear Editor.

As a photographer, I feel that I should be producing material for The Sailorman but as yet I have not started to build my boat, Any owners on the South coast who would like to collaborate to produce pictures for The Sailorman could contact me at the above address. (collaborate I need some pics. Ed).

Tim Francis.



Our Leader,Bob, and Mal, looking out for opening time. SANDY HAVEN 82

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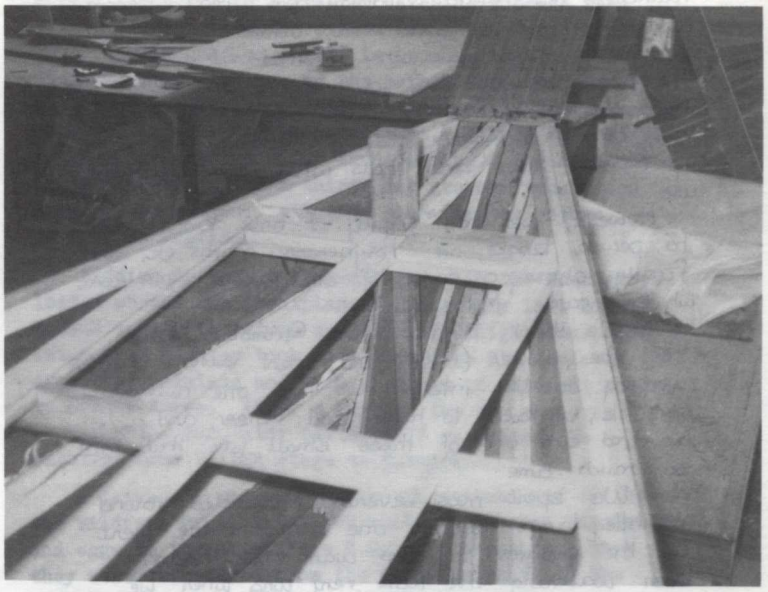
From Guy Barron.

MY Narai Mk iv has standard Wharram hulls with Iroko in stem, keel and stern and built of Thames Makore ply, 9mm. The beam boxes are framed in Douglas fir, the stringers are russian red which is knot free, well you might find half a dozen in each hull, The interior is trimmed in mahogany, the flooring out of a school gym, the loo is trimmed in Japanese oak The hull is sheathed in glass fibre cloth and epoxy, the interior is coated in clear epoxy.

Each rear compartment is fitted with a 26" square opening hatch hinged on the hull side, and inside there is room for a six foot bunk.

The port hull has the skippers berth at the rear fully insulated with ¾" foam. All three main bunks have foam insulated deckheads, the skippers bunk opens into the chart room. A bulkhead with a door in it splits the central section into two giving a visitors cabin forward with standing headroomand a seperate entry hatch. The starboard hull has a loo where the aft berth usually is. A low coachroof gives good headroom with entry from the deck. This compartment has a hanging locker under the forward beam box.

Between the loo and the central cabin of this hull is a solid bulkhead against which sits the gas stove with oven. Under the stove is a 40gallon fresh water tank, repeated in port hull, utillising the basic hull structure coated rather than fitting a separate tank. There is a small hatch directly above the stove in a square box built onto the back of the cabin top. The whole cabin top has been moved forward right up to the beambox and put on a 2½" high plinth. Doing this to the cabin top gives enough space to put in a dinette 58" long with seats on both sides of the hull with views out of the windows when seated. The dinette floor level is at bunk level giving capacious lockers underneath.



The forward compartment in both hulls are for storage. Samson posts are built into the deck structure. Bulwarks were glued onto the hull sides for strength and stiffness. The line of the bulwarks was got by streching a washing line from stem to stern and marking off from it with a spirit level. The bulwarks are capped with Iroko with no fastnings showing. 150 clamps being used for every 13ft length as it was glued on. Windows are tinted 3mm polycarbonate which can be hit with a hammer with no damage. They are glued on with Strand Glass SIKAFLEX which sticks to polycarbonate and to epoxy stronger than glued wood to wood join.

The interior was designed after the basic hulls were built but it still fitted in remarkably well and is highly civilised compared with the designs offered by J.W. It has however taken a lot of extra work, many people may not think it was worth it.

Guy Barron, Exeter,England.

IKA ROA. NOTTINGHAM. ENGLAND

Last year we wrote telling how we launched our Narai 'Tiddely-Pom'. Most people have a name in mind long before their boat is finished but we just referred to ours as 'The boat' launch day approached and we needed a name for the river licence so we had to think of a name quickly. 'Tiddely-Pom' came up as a joke and thats what we decided to use

However, we had plenty of time last Winter to peruse books on Polynesian myths etc, and finally chose a name to our liking: 'IKA ROA', which means 'Milky Way'

We kept IKA ROA in Grimsby Marina for the Winter (1981/2) and spent several weeks working on the interior. We had one hull to cork tile, a table to hinge and veneer, and a hundred and one of those small jobs that take so much time.

We spent most evenings huddled round a tilley lamp but on one occasion we went to the pictures to keep warm. We hadn't been watching the film very long when we both had to dash for the loo ~ to take off our thermal underwear!

We had hoped to set off for New Zealand this year but unfortunately lack of funds prevented us (contributions gratefully received) However, we managed quite a bit of sailing, starting with Easter when we made sorties into the River Humber getting used to anchoring, sailing at night etc.

At Whit we sailed to Wells-next-the-sea, Norfolk. along with Bill Hather in his trimaran, 'White Dwarf' and several members of the Humber Yawl Club We shall be there again at the Whitsun bank holiday 1983 and if anyone would like a polycat meeting they can join us.

In July we set off for a holiday in Norway but unfortunately the wind blew persistantly from the N.E. and we had to change our plans (and our kroner. they wouldn't accept it in Hartlepool!)

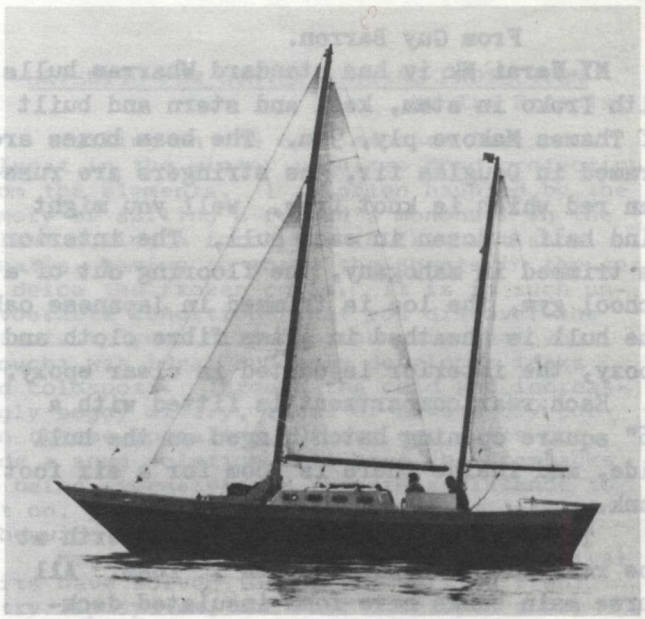
We cruised up the N.E. coast of England as far as Berwick-on-Tweed We called in at almost every harbour (we had so much fog and light airs we had to!) and can recommend Whitby Amble, Holy Island and Berwick for their beauty and Seaham, Sunderland, and Hartlepool for their cheapness if nothing else.

We arrived back with a list of modifications as long as your bulwarks which will keep us busy this winter. Our main problem is the cockpit, we keep getting spray through the slatted deck drenching whoever is steering. Also an inboard engine is an essential - an outboard just won't make progress against the wind and tide.

Altogether it was a very varied and interesting holiday: a useful experience before setting off for New Zealand which we hope to do next August

Our only disaster was with the beer barrel which escaped from its lashings in choppy seas, turned upside down and began to spray ~~from~~ best ~~exhibitor~~ all around the cabin. I leapt in and turned it the right way up, but couldn't do much with it! Ever tried holding a large beer barrel in rough seas while its spurting beer all over you? We had to throw it away without a drop having passed our lips, but had a cabin that smelt as if we'd had a months riotous imbibing. Thats our story anyway!

TIM & HEATHER WHELAN



TIMORUA
MALLORCA
BALEARICS

August 1982

I've been out of touch with mail etc, for several months, so haven't yet seen the Summer issue of The Sailorman. It's being forwarded from Greese. Anyway here are some amendments to "Coments from a Convert", which have proved themselves this season.

We changed our 14"x 16" propeller to a 16" x 16" which gives a vastly improved performance:- 5 knots @ 1500 r.p.m. and 7.1 knots @ 2000 r.p.m. and 2 litres per hour @ 1500 r.p.m.

The addition of 40 metres of ¾" chain has made light of our anchoring problems. We have happily survived several gales riding to the original anchor and this chain.

We are now in the Balearics and will be crossing the Atlantic to the Caribbean about November / December.

Having only seen one Polycat in Greese, we are pleased to have met several here in Mallorca;

Dick Claydon on a Tanenui, 'Koaha Nui.' on his way to Greese.

'Tortuga II', German flag Narai mk 1.

Unidentified Tane. and 'Ran,' Narai Mk IV, foam sandwich enroute from here to Portugal.

Best winds.

Martin Evans.

Roy (Dusty) Maggs,
Bristol, England.
September 1982.

Dear Norman. (Thats me Ed.).

Was pleased to see you at Milbrook over the August bank holiday, the gettogether was a non sailing event, but the few visitors seem to agree that I may have a publishable idea.

Although my foam-sandwich 'house boat' will be a long way from standard, one aspect of my building method could save prospective builders of proper boats some time and trouble when it comes to fitting out.

Basically I have set up my bulkheads very accurately using scrap as temporary stringers, plumb lines and careful marked ℄ and ⟷ on each bulkhead.

The sole frames go on next, being cut to exact shape using temporary battens. Then the shelving gets the same treatment, In fact, all major internals are fitted and cut to precise shape before putting on the stringers and hull sides This is considerably easier than trying to fit shelving etc. after the hull has been planked and turned , because of the open access.

Hope this will fill a gap.

Best wishes,

Roy.

Steamers in Falkland Waters

Ask the average person to describe the natural habitat of Ducks, Geese and Swans, collectively known as wildfowl, and they will no doubt conjour a vision of ponds, swamps, lakes, rivers and gravel pits,etc,

However as travellers on the high seas you will have become aware of shelduck, redbreasted merganser, scaup and goldeneye around our coasts and esturies. Many of you will have seen wintering Brent Geese, possibly at Langstone Harbour on the south coast. Those of you sailing north toward Scotland, perhaps even Iceland will have observed species of the true sea ducks notably Scooter and Eider, the latter probably riding the waves with head tucked under its wing.

Unfortunately though, not many of you will have had the chance to venture into the waters of the South-Atlantic much less the Falkland Islands which is a great pity. For here is an archipelago full of natural charm and beauty with an abundant wild life, the most obvious and spectacular of which is its avifauna.

Amongst the fowl, one species is unusual in that it is flightless, an evolutionary result of the absense of predators and a constant food supply overcoming the need to migrate. The Falkland Island Flightless Steamer Duck (Tachyeres brachypterus) is so called because of its ability to steam at speed over the water surface useing its short stubby wings and evolved outsize webbed feet for propulsion. Although causing a great deal of noise and spray this action is never the less sufficient to carry the bird 50 yards or more if neccesary. It was in order to search for the eggs of this species that I flew into Port Stanley during October 1981.

My bumpy arrival in the midst of a howling gale did little to dispel previous rumours regarding the Falkland weather. Happily in the coming weeks I was to witness more tranquil conditions. After spending some days exploring the Stanley area and chatting to the Falkland-ers both locally and on the outlying islands by C.B. radio link, it was decieded that I should head for Lively Island.

Lively, a 25 minute hop by Beaver floatplane to the South of East Falkland. Covering an area of some 8000 acres it is farmed by Yona and Albert Davis and their son Nick, the only occupants save a few thousand sheep, a smattering of cows, pigs and chickens the whole predominated over by the wild birds. No pressures of modern life to destroy the tranquility.

During the next two weeks I treked some 15 to 20 miles a day searching for the nests of Steamer Duck and two other species of geese. Each nest located had to be marked, the position recorded on the map, the number and approximate incubation stage of the eggs noted. Most nests were at the edge of a short cliff or bank in hollowed-out clumps of Diddle-dee, a low lying tree heather.

Throughout my daily treks I was never alone, always having for company flocks of geese,,pairs of oystercatcher, penguins, herons, dotterel and many other of the 57 breeding bird species of the Falklands. Weather conditions varied considerably with hot blue cloudless days more than making up for those of howling gales and driving rain. Never, not even in the Carribean have I seen seas so blue or sand so white coupled with an intense peace and an overpowering feeling of belonging.

All to soon it was time to leave and selected eggs needed to be collected and placed in the sophisticated life support incubators. These are portable and had been constructed with the help of sympathetic colleagues at British Airways,engineering assisting me in their spare time.

Carrying partially incubated normally results in a greater hatching success than with fresh eggs that have been transported and require full term incubation. This is because the initial incubation carried out by the parent bird overcomes much of the early temperature and humidity control problems experienced in aviculture. A much more stable egg is also available for transporting. Egg at about the sixteenth day of a thirty day average incubation period were chosen, allowing time for the return journey to England.

Bidding my hoasts farewell and with the incubators loaded aboard the floatplane I grudgingly left Lively Island vowing to return someday. My flight four days later from Stanley took me to Comodoro Rivadavia on the Argentine mainland and with a change of aircraft onward to Buenos Aires. After a further two day stopover to recharge the incubator batteries I completed the eighteen hour flight stage to Gatwick.

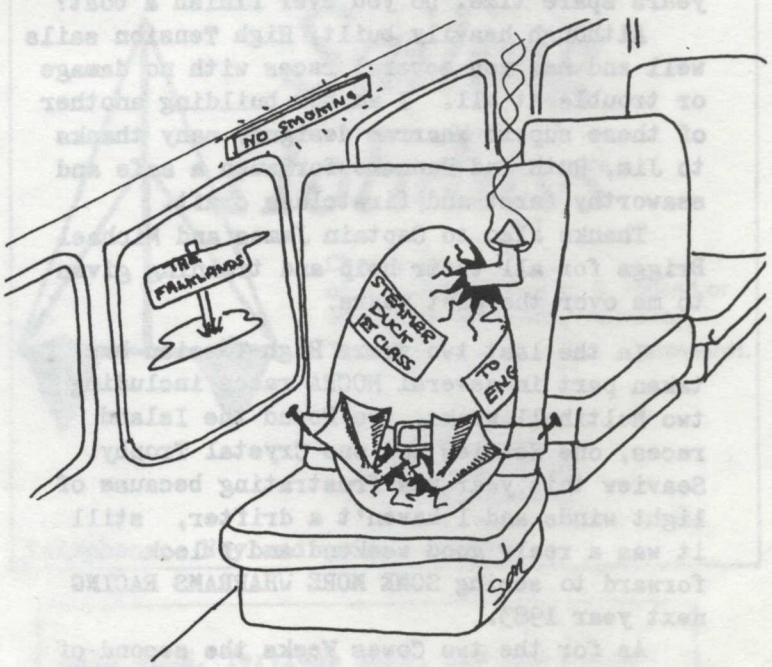
A Gatwick I was rushed through customs and met by the Wildfowl Trust transport which wisked the incubators and eggs to the Slimbridge H.Q. in Gloucester. Here they were transfered from the portable units to the main hatching incubators. Within a week the eggs were starting to 'pip' and the avicultural team worked through a bad winter to ensure the survival of the newly hatched ducklings. These can now be seen at Wildfowl Trust Reserves at Slimbridge,Arundel and alongside others of the worlds 147 species of waterfowl.

In time it is hoped that the flightless Steamer Ducks will breed and establish a stable captive population which can be studied and if necessary be re-introduced should the Falkland wild population go into decline.

It is intended that the now proven portable incubators will used to further the knowledge of others of the worlds wildfowl species of which little is known. Some are under the ultimate threat of extinction and we must move quickly if they are to be saved. If you have not yet visited a wildfowl trust reserve, please do. The plumage of many of the birds is at its best in the winter and spring months and the sheer diversity of species will amaze you.

It maybe that you would wish to become a member of the Trust, I hope so. I promise you will not be dissapointed.

Rodney Hall
Staines, Middlesex,
ENGLAND.



POOR RODNEY HAD TO GO TOURIST.

THE BUILDING OF HIGH TENSION

Just a few notes about the building of High Tension and some of the materials used, she is a "TANE" 28ft. When I first decided to build I wanted to build a Tangaroa, but because I was building at home a small passage limited hull width. So it had to be a Tane.

I bought the plans from Bromley Boats of Kent, they used to sell Jims plans. When I had studied the plans I was glad that I had chosen a Tane, cost of materials being one reason. Evwn though it was easy for me to obtain good timber, I am a Cabinet Maker, When I did start buying I got well seasoned timber and the ply 1088 marine, 9mm, Douglas Fir stringers and Mahogany keel, stem and stern posts, in fact everything else was mahogany except the slatted deck which was doug fir.

As I was building outside progress was slow, she was glued with airolite 306 and Resorsonel, brass screws were used through out, all screws counterbored and pluged with mahogany dowels that I made. There is a small cockpit between 3rd. and 4th. crossbeams and the cabin tops go right out to the bulwarks giving 4ft 6" head room. There is also a Bow Sprit from the forward crossbeam to 3ft for'rd of the front netting beam. She has small Low aspect ratio keels. International Boat Paint was sprayed on after 14 Fourteen! coats of rubbed down metalic primer. The fittings are stainless, hull decks are covered with Tread master diamond pattern and glued straight to the ply deck, no problems in three and a half years of summer and winter all weather sailing. High Tension is cutter rigged, Sail Spar spars and stainless standing rigging, Five Gibb winches with all sheets lead back to the cockpit. Building to completion took about four years spare time. Do you ever finish a boat?

Although heavily built, High Tension sails well and has won several races with no damage or trouble at all. I am now building another of these superb Wharram designs, many thanks to Jim, Ruth and Hanneke for such a safe and seaworthy farst and firstclass craft.

Thanks also to Captain James and Michael Briggs for all their help and training given to me over the past years.

In the last two years High Tension has taken part in several MOCRA races including two Multihull weeks, two Round the Island races, one Seaview and one Crystal Trophy. Seaview this year was frustrating because of light winds and I haven't a drifter, still it was a realy good weekend and I look forward to seeing SOME MORE WHARRAMS RACING next year 1983.

As for the two Cowes Weeks the second of which was sponsored by Seahorse Magazine, the racing was excelent, round the buoys, a good selection of boats, different weather every day. The Crystal Trophy 81 had weather to oppose Seaview conditions, We had to put into Weymouth after rounding C H 1 off Cherborg as one of the crew was suffering from exposure. After a day and night in Weymouth and the wind had dropped a bit we returned to Emsworth averaging 7½ knots. Still we are only begginers after all.

Paul Wells.

HIGH TENSION

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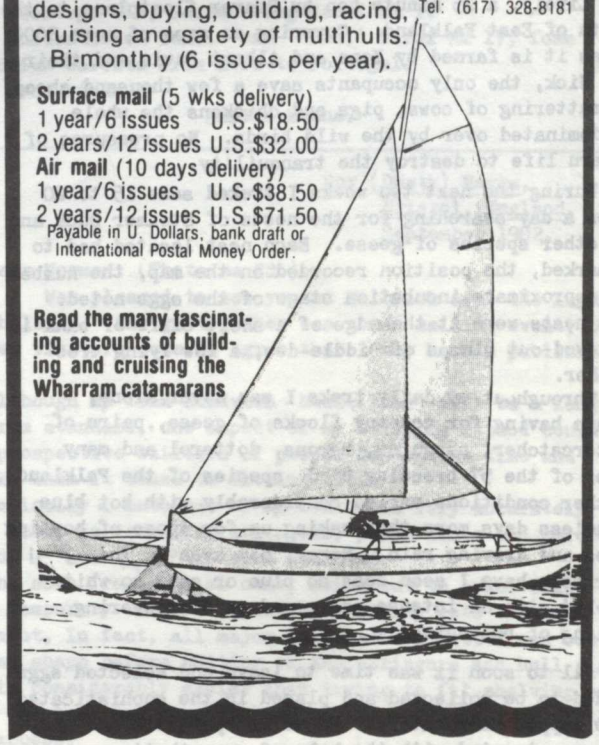

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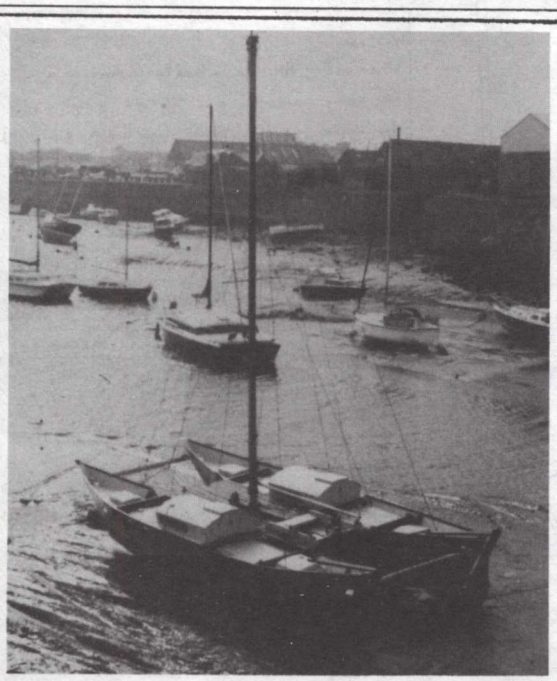

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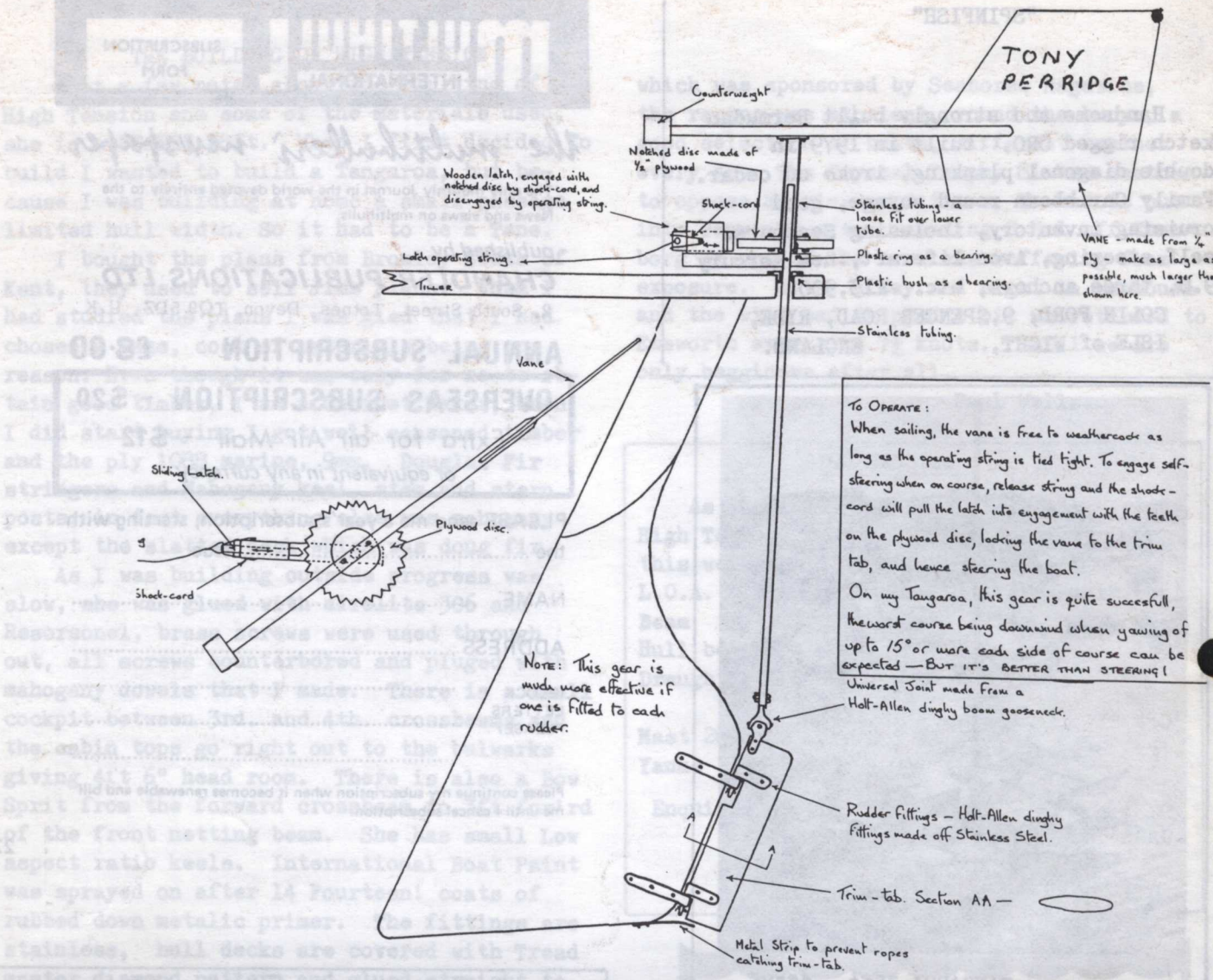
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